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ROMANCE.

BY MILDRED HOWELLS.

Down from the sunken door-step to the road,
Through a warm garden full of old-time flowers,
Stretches a pathway, where the wrinkled toad
Sits lost in sunlight through long summer hours.

Ah, little dream the passers in the street,
That there, a few yards from the old house door,
Just where the apple and the pear trees meet,
The noble deeds of old are lived once more!

That there, within the gold-lit wavering shade,
To Joan of Arc angelic voices sing,
And once again the brave inspired maid
Gives up her life for France and for her king.

Or now no more the fields of France are seen,—
They change to England's rougher, colder shore,
Where rules Elizabeth, the Virgin Queen,
Or where King Arthur holds his court once more.

The stupid village folk they cannot see;
Their eyes are old, and as they pass their way,
It only seems to them beneath the tree
They see a little dark-eyed girl at play.

A DASH WITH DOGS FOR LIFE OR DEATH.

(An Arctic Story Founded on Fact.)

BY LIEUTENANT FREDERICK SCHWATKA.

FROM the northern part of Hudson's Bay, already arctic in character, stretches far toward the pole a deep inlet, which some early navigator of those desolate polar shores has termed Roe's Welcome—as if anything within that ice-bound and lonely coast could be welcome to a person just from civilization! The name no doubt was given in memory of some escape from the drifting ice-packs, when the inlet furnished refuge from one of the fierce storms of that polar region.

Roe's Welcome is a famed hunting-place for the great polar whale, or "bowhead" as the whalers call it. This huge whale, which is indeed immense in size, often makes his home among the great ice-packs and ice-fields of the polar seas, and a goodly quantity of these it finds in Roe's Welcome. But these ice-packs, swinging to and fro with the tides, currents, and winds in such a long narrow inlet as this, render navigation dangerous even for the stanch whaling-ships, and they generally make their fishing-grounds off the lower mouth of the great inlet, where the cruising is much safer if not always so profitable. Occasionally, when some exceptionally good ice-master is in charge of a whaler he dashes into the better fishing-grounds for a short cruise; another less skilful, lured by the brighter prospects, or discouraged by a poor catch outside, enters the inlet, and either reaps a rich harvest of oil and bone, or wrecks his vessel. Or he may even escape, after an imprisonment in the grip of the merciless ice-fetters for a year or two longer than he had intended to stay.

Such was the fate of the good ship "Glad-iator," from a well-known whaling port in southeastern Massachusetts. She sailed to the northernmost end of the "Welcome," as the whalers call it, and, after a most profitable catch of "bowheads," had the ill-fortune to

remain firmly bound in the ice for two years. During this long time, much longer than that for which the vessel had been provisioned, the crew were dependent on the many Eskimos who clustered around the ship. The natives supplied them with ample quantities of reindeer, musk-ox, seal, and walrus-meat in return for small quantities of molasses and coffee. Their companionship, too, rude as it was, did much to while away the dreary, lonely hours of the two years' imprisonment.

But the lonesome and inactive life was most trying to the more energetic of the crew.

Many ingenious expedients were resorted to by both officers and men to keep themselves free from mental and physical depression. Of course many of these were friendly outdoor games, near the ship, on the smooth ice-floe that had formed around her. In these sports, the Eskimos rudely but good-naturedly joined.

As the days grew longer, in the spring, walks were taken, but when several of the sailors had lost their way, orders were given that the ship should be kept in sight on these excursions, that not less than two white men should be in a party, and that an Eskimo must be with every party going more than a mile from the vessel.

The ship lay in a large bay, at the upper end of the "Welcome," and her black masts and hull against the white snow of the ice-field could easily be seen many miles away from the high shores of the frozen harbor.

But to one member of the crew were these rules, forbidding the sailors to go ashore singly, particularly disagreeable; for this young man, though a common sailor in the fore-castle, was a man of some education, and had found his pleasantest recreation in long solitary strolls, far away from all signs of life. Feeling that he was superior to those around him, especially to

the savages, in all qualities he valued, he inferred that he must be at least their equal in other respects. He therefore disliked to have dull savages sent with him as guides to show him the way home lest he should be lost on any of his rambles. So he disregarded the orders that had been issued for his own good.

One evening, in the early spring of the second year's imprisonment, this young sailor was missed from the ship's crew at a time when all were usually aboard: he was missed at supper-time.

Although from the meager description I have given of him it might be inferred that he was not popular, yet, though he had enjoyed his lonely tramps till the orders cut them short, no one was more jovial than he when the crew gathered in the fore-castle of the vessel. Indeed, his good nature had made him very popular. Consequently there was no little enthusiasm shown in the search that followed. It was so near night that little search was possible before darkness would settle down, a darkness so dense that nothing could be done. A large lamp was swung from the masthead to guide the wanderer home, for it was believed that he could hardly be beyond sight of its rays, and it was hoped that he would return before morning.

A heavy fog came down about midnight, a fog so dense that the lantern's rays cut but a few yards through its heavy mist. Worst of all, the morning saw no break in this thick mist. It was thought that all search must be fruitless, since the man was not likely to be within the limited space that could be covered by the voices of the searchers, or the noise of their firearms. The danger most feared in this part of the arctic regions was a pack of the great polar wolves, for they sometimes band together and attack a traveler who is not well armed. Even if unmolested, a lost wanderer might even starve or freeze to death.

As early as daylight would permit, a number of Eskimos were put on his track with orders to trail him down and rescue him alive, or to bring back his body. Many parties were sent in different directions and urged to do their best to find the lost man. Then every one anxiously awaited their return.

The prospect seemed unpromising. The night had been cold enough to freeze a person who should rest too long; and if the unfortunate man had kept walking (unless he had gone in a circle, or to and fro), it would make a long search for the Eskimo—a search that might not be completed by nightfall.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, an hour before dark, the weather turned colder and the fog lifted, revealing the shores of the whole great bay. The mate of the ship, telescope in hand, ascended to the "crow's-nest," the lookout on the masthead, used when cruising in search of whales, and he scanned the country all around as closely as possible. A few of the searching-parties were made out and reported to those standing below on the ice. Then what appeared to be the figure of a single man was seen on the shore directly across the wide bay, some ten miles distant.

A keen-eyed Eskimo was called up from the throng to verify the mate's discovery. The dark spot they saw was at that moment wonderfully like a man sitting on the snow of the hillside, and in a few moments, as the mate had observed when he first saw it, it was moving.

The figure was closely watched. In a minute or two the black spot elongated and moved down to the shore-line; and the native observer had no hesitation in announcing in loud tones to those below that the figure was that of a white man.

"*Kod-loon-ah! Kod-loon-ah!* (White man! White man!)" he yelled, in a voice that sent the other Eskimos flying in every direction. As the only other persons absent since morning were the Eskimo search-parties, this figure could be none other than the lost sailor.

Many Eskimos were looking for the absent man, but very few of them had taken their dogs and sledges, as it was easier to follow a trail on foot; and, as a consequence, nearly all the dogs were scattered around through the snow-village near the ships, and the best sledges were leaning against the snow-houses. In half an hour it would be so dark that they could do little, and the missing man must be reached before that time. Instantly orders were given to bring together all the best dogs of the village with their harness on, while four or five men

hastily iced the runners of one of the best sledges. Twenty dogs to a single sledge is about the greatest number ever used by these natives, and this large number is uncommon,

a short hard pull has to be made, but never in the history of that region had a double team of perhaps forty fine dogs been known, and especially to draw only an unloaded sledge!



HARNESSING THE DOGS.

eight or nine being the usual team. This team, however, increased to a score of dogs before it was really known how strong it had grown, and there were yet some twenty in harness in the hands of the men, women, and boys who had scurried around and picked them up, and were now waiting to have them hitched to the sledge.

Fortunately, the very best dog-driver of the village was present, and, having made a long leading-line of strong sledge-lashing, reaching from the sledge ten or twelve feet beyond the team already hitched, he fastened on a new and second team of twenty dogs. This "doubling of teams" is not very unusual whenever two or more sledges are together on a journey and

It seemed impossible to foretell how rapidly the swift dogs would go with that mere feather of a light sledge fastened behind them. It would be like fastening two huge locomotives to a hand-car and turning on all steam. The sledge was kept turned upside-down to prevent the dogs from making a bolt forward, which they are prone to do when first hitched, whenever anything ahead attracts their attention; and, to assist the drivers in this restraint of their animals, a great circle of sailors, and Eskimo men, women, and children formed in front of the teams. The best driver of the village turned the iced sledge over carefully and took his position on the right side of the slats, about the middle of the sledge's length, stretched out with his feet to the rear. His companion driver took a similar position on the left side.

The best drivers can use the whip as well in the left as in the right hand. These whips are very long, the lash often being fifteen to twenty feet in length. A strong lashing of seal thongs, woven diagonally across the slats, gave the dog-drivers something to hold on by in their perilous flight across the ice-fields and hummocks to the other side of the bay.

Over the front of the sledge lay one of the drivers with a sharp knife in his hand. It was his duty to cut the trace of any dog that should fall, or of any whose harness was entangled in a projecting hummock of ice, for in such a wild flight there would be no time to unharness it, and it would be dragged to death before the sledge could be stopped. In fact it was very

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doubtful whether such a team going at a wild, excited gait could be stopped at all until it had run some five or six miles, enough to take some of the ardor out of the high-spirited animals.

When all was ready, the principal dog-driver gave a signal to the crowd in front of his team, and from the center they parted in both ways to the sides, the dogs jumped on their feet at the well-known warning sound, and started at a trot, which, with a few cuts from the gantlet of whips they had to run, aided by those of the drivers, soon broke into a run, and then the relief-party whisked out of sight like a rocket.

Its further movements could be seen and reported only from the masthead. The race for life or death was begun, and the enemy to contend against was the approaching darkness. Away went the sledge, bounding from the crest of one snow-ridge to that of another, with not

would have ripped the covering, or shoe of ice, from the sledge-runners, and materially lessened their rapid gait.

Anxiously the return of the party was awaited, for it was a long distance to go in the short time before darkness. It was nearly two hours before they returned, and great was the rejoicing of the crew at seeing the lost sailor with them — a rejoicing only exceeded by his own.

The return had been made very leisurely compared with the splendid dash of ten miles out.

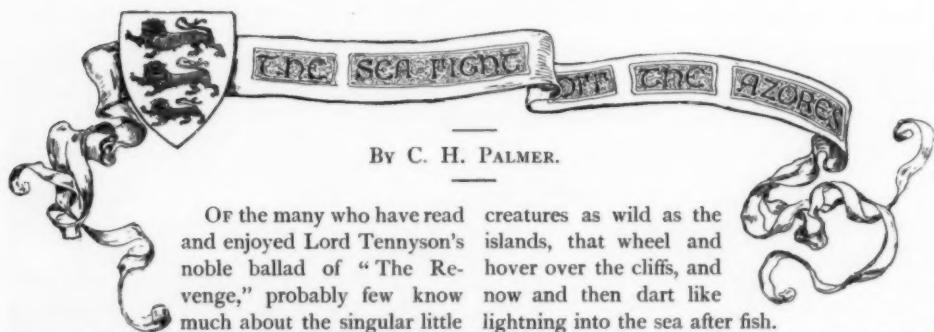
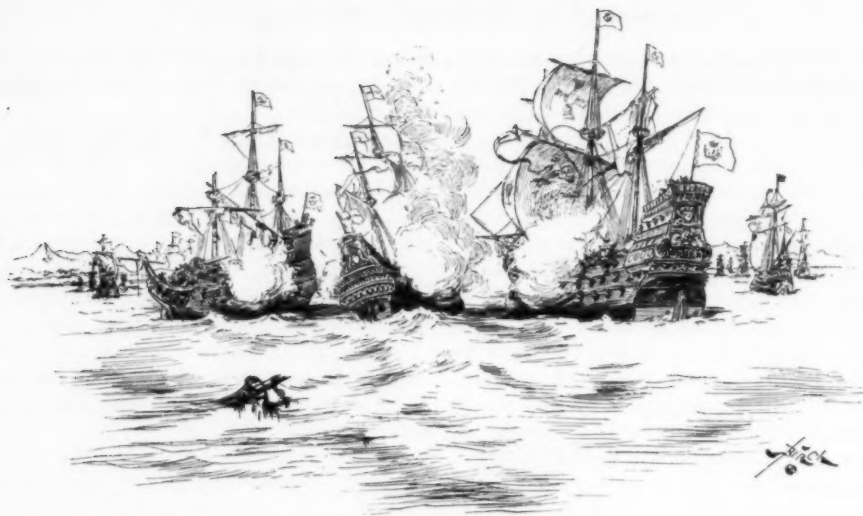
The width of the channel was well known from accurate surveys. Of course there was much curiosity to ascertain what part of the time had been consumed in reaching the lost man, and fortunately he had noted the time by his watch when he first heard the clamor and clatter of the approaching team and urging drivers — for in his terrible anxiety he was con-



"AWAY WENT THE SLEDGE, BOUNDING FROM THE CREST OF ONE SNOW-RIDGE TO THAT OF ANOTHER."

a sign of sledge-track between, except on a few long, almost level stretches. In a few seconds more it had gone so far that, even from the masthead, only its general movements could be noted. Meanwhile the drivers were alert to avoid striking small projecting hummocks of ice, which

stantly counting the rapidly receding minutes as darkness approached. Careful calculations showed that the dash of ten miles was made in twenty-two minutes and a half! — the fastest recorded long run with dogs and sledge in the polar regions.



OF the many who have read and enjoyed Lord Tennyson's noble ballad of "The Revenge," probably few know much about the singular little group of islands, lying well out in the North Atlantic almost eight hundred miles from Portugal, off which the famous fight celebrated by the Laureate took place.

Nothing certain was known about the islands until, about the middle of the fifteenth century, an honest Flemish merchant, hard pressed by stress of weather, took refuge under the lee of their rocky and inhospitable coasts.

Tall, conical peaks of volcanic origin, and wooded almost to the summits; high tablelands covered with trees, shrubs, and tangled undergrowth, and cloven at intervals by tremendous ravines, down which the mountain-torrents fling themselves foaming into the sea; a coast rising everywhere into giant precipices characterize these islands, and, as a final touch to the weirdness of the scene, there is no sound or sight of living thing except the hawks,

creatures as wild as the islands, that wheel and hover over the cliffs, and now and then dart like lightning into the sea after fish.

It is from these birds that the islands derive their name, the Portuguese word for hawk being *açor* (plural *açores*); but the English navigators of the time called the group the "Western Isles"; and doubtless, before the discovery of America, it must have appeared to them situated far toward the mysterious realms of the setting sun.

Our worthy Fleming, returning safely to Lisbon, whither he was bound, reported his discovery to the Portuguese court, which, with commendable enterprise, forthwith despatched a navigator, Cabral, to make inquiries. In this way the island of St. Mary's was discovered, in 1432, but it was not till a quarter of a century later that the position of the whole group was ascertained. The finding of the Azores, however, was a trifle compared with the magnificent discovery of America sixty years later,

and there is little wonder that from that time a mania for voyaging and for colonization began to spread among the more adventurous spirits of Europe.

This feeling, originating among the Spaniards and Portuguese,—especially the latter, who were most bold and successful navigators,—thence by degrees extended to other maritime countries, until, in 1584, nearly a century afterward, we find two English captains, Philip Amadas and Arthur Barlowe, making the first voyage to Virginia. On their return, they gave such a glowing description of the place to Sir Walter Raleigh that the gallant sailor fitted out four vessels on his own account and put them in charge of his cousin, Sir Richard Grenville, bidding him proceed to the favored land, and there found an English colony.

Now, Sir Richard was the man to do a thing thoroughly. He made straight for Porto Rico with his small squadron; called at Hispaniola, where he had a friendly interview with the Spanish governor and also with a friar, and sailed thence to Florida, exploring in a flat-bottomed boat a totally unknown river for more than fifty miles. He soon planted his colony securely, as he thought, and returned to England, picking up a few unconsidered trifles in the way of Spanish galleons on his voyage home. The daring manner in which one of these vessels was captured is a good illustration of Grenville's reckless courage. He and his men boarded her by means of a raft made out of sea-chests, which fell to pieces as soon as it touched the Spaniard's side. Sir Richard was then forty-five years of age, but his impetuous valor was as little tempered by discretion as when, a fiery youth of sixteen, he volunteered for the German army, and served through a whole campaign against the Turks.

The Virginian colony did not prosper, and Sir Richard, making a second voyage out there with three ships, to succor the men he had left behind, found to his dismay that all trace of the little settlement had disappeared. The colonists, in fact, becoming alarmed by the increasing swarms of savages that surrounded them, had been only too glad to get a passage home by an earlier ship. This was certainly disappointing; but Grenville, who was determined to retain a

hold on the country, settled fifteen other men on the spot, with plenty of arms, and provisions for two years.

There was a good deal of the old viking spirit in Grenville; he came of the same famous western stock that produced Sir Walter Raleigh, his near relative, and many another skilful seaman and dauntless explorer.

We next hear of Grenville, in 1591, as vice-admiral under Lord Thomas Howard of a fleet which had been sent out to intercept the Spanish treasure-ships expected home in the autumn of that year. On the 31st of August, the little English squadron rode at anchor off Flores, the most westerly island of the Azores. Things had not been going very well with them. Many of the sailors were down with coast-fever, so that of the "Bonaventure's" crew not enough remained to handle the mainsail, and ninety men belonging to the "Revenge" were on the sick list. The remainder of the fleet was in little better case, and, to make matters worse, they had run short of water and provisions, and the vessels were light for want of ballast. The squadron consisted of the *Revenge*, Grenville's ship, the "Defiance," which bore the flag of Admiral Lord Thomas Howard, the "Lion," the *Bonaventure*, the "Foresight," and two small provision-ships.

The bright sun of the Azores illuminated a bustling scene, on that August afternoon just three hundred years ago. Boats laden with ballast and fresh provisions were busily plying between the vessels and the shore. More than half the crews were ashore, haggling and chaffering with the inhabitants in broken Spanish, and thereby giving rise to altercations which ended as often as not in blows—Jack being very apt to cut short a tedious bargain. Now and then Admiral Howard or Vice-Admiral Grenville would sweep the horizon with anxious glances, for the Spanish fleet was surmised to be in the neighborhood, and its force, though unknown, was likely to be considerable. Nothing was to be seen, however, but the cloudless sky and a sea, calm for the Atlantic, whereon the blue waves rose and fell playfully, breaking here and there into long white lines of foam.

After such a look around, we can imagine Sir Richard Grenville, whose vessel lay nearest the

shore, calling out to his "lazy loons" to bestir themselves if they did not wish to see the inside of a Spanish prison.

Presently a cry announced a vessel in sight, and a bark was made out running rapidly for the shore under a press of canvas.

She turned out to be Captain Middleton's ship, a fast boat which, trusting to the lightness of her heels, had hung for several days on the skirts of the Spanish fleet with the object of discovering whither it was bound. Ascertaining at last beyond a doubt that the "Dons" were making for the Azores, Middleton had clapped on all sail and made what speed he might for Flores to acquaint Lord Thomas Howard of his danger. Try as he might, however, he could not quite shake off the Spanish ships, and they were even now upon his track, fifty-three of them, heavily armed and crowded with infantry.

The truth of the startling intelligence he brought was soon demonstrated; for he had barely delivered his tidings before the top-galant sails of the Spanish van were descried rising slowly above the horizon.

Soon ship after ship came in sight till the distant sea began to be dotted with white sails, and every moment their numbers increased. More threatening still, another squadron which had stood in-shore, and whose approach had hitherto been hidden by a bend of the coast, now suddenly appeared within half-an-hour's sail.

It was time to act, and that promptly. To engage an armada of fifty-three sail with a minute fleet of six ships, two being but of small size and all light in ballast and short of hands, would have been madness. The English admiral saw plainly that his duty was to preserve, if possible, the ships and lives intrusted to him, and not to sacrifice them in an unequal struggle which could have but one termination.

The whole Spanish fleet was now in sight, stretching far along the horizon, and minutes became precious. The boatswains' shrill whistles piped from the English decks, bringing the sailors crowding down to the beaches, whence they were hurried on board their respective vessels. Sail was made in haste, and the little fleet stood out to sea, some of the ships having to slip their cables, owing to the pressure of time. Howard's one chance of escape was to

get to windward of the Spaniards, and this, thanks to dexterous seamanship, he succeeded in doing, in spite of all the manœuvres of his foes.

One vessel, however, still lay off the land neglecting to avail herself of the single chance of safety. This was Sir Richard Grenville's ship, the *Revenge*. Many of her crew lay sick ashore, and till these were safe Grenville refused to budge an inch for all the Dons in Spain. Not a man of his, he said, should be left behind to endure the horrors of a Spanish prison. By the time the last of the sick had been got on board, the Spanish squadron lay well on the weather-bow. When at length the *Revenge* began to move through the water it became clear to all on board that she could escape only by a miracle. The one course which offered a prospect of success, as the master pointed out, was to tack right about and run before the wind showing a clean pair of heels to the Spaniards. But Grenville's blood was up, and, like a wild animal when baited too closely, he turned at bay. "He utterly refused to fly from the enemy, alleging that he would rather die than dishonor himself, his country, and Her Majesty's ship, and persuading his companions that he would pass through the two squadrons in despite of them, and compel the Spaniards to give way."

So the *Revenge* stood right on toward the foe, and soon came up with the foremost galleon of the Spanish fleet, as she careened along under her heavy top-hamper and crushed the water into foam beneath her huge bows. The *Revenge*, however, being very skilfully handled, compelled the bulky galleon to luff up and fall under her lee, and served the next, and the next, in the same way.

Lord Thomas Howard and the rest, hovering to windward, and regarding these proceedings with intense anxiety, began to think that the daring vice-admiral would escape after all.

But it was not to be.

About three o'clock in the afternoon, the great "San Philip," a vessel of some fifteen hundred tons, ran right up to the little *Revenge*, and, towering above the English ship, took the wind out of her sails and brought her to a standstill. The San Philip's decks were crowded with eight hundred infantrymen, and her three tiers of guns

yawned threateningly. As she drove down upon the *Revenge*, her hull burst into a sheet of flame, a fierce musketry-fire was kept up all along her poop-deck, and a hurricane of lead swept across the English ship. Through the rolling smoke, the Spanish soldiers could be seen dropping down in numbers upon the *Revenge's* deck, and making no doubt of capturing her out of hand. Sir Richard had only a hundred well men on board with him, but each of these was, like himself, a hero. The Spanish soldiers who boarded were repulsed; and suddenly letting fly with his whole lower tier of guns Grenville completely riddled the *San Philip's* hull. The English cannon were loaded with cross-bar shot, and the effect of this point-blank discharge must have been tremendous, for the huge Spaniard actually sheered off, "utterly misliking her first entertainment." No sooner, however, had the *San Philip* been temporarily disposed of than four other ships ran up, and began to pour their men upon the decks of the *Revenge*.

What followed seems almost incredible. It must be remembered that the Spanish infantry were at that time considered the finest in Europe. They had overrun Italy, conquered the Netherlands, and penetrated into the heart of South America. It was these redoubtable soldiers who scrambled by hundreds down the sides and dropped from the rigging of their ships upon the beleaguered decks of the *Revenge*. Sir Richard bore himself like a paladin, nor were his men a whit unworthy of him. Again and again the boarding-parties were repulsed. Grenville and his crew fought as men have seldom done before or since. The *Revenge* was girdled constantly by a belt of flame as she poured her shot into the enemies on either side of her, receiving in turn their broadsides and the spattering musketry-fire which rained down from their decks and rigging. Eventually the English ship shook herself clear of all her foes. Shot-torn as she was, she had given still worse than she had received, and the four great Spaniards hauled off, having for the time no wish for the fight.

Then for a while there was a brief breathing-time, welcome indeed to men who had fought without ceasing for nearly three hours beneath the warm rays of a semi-tropical sun. They lay panting on the decks, completely exhausted.

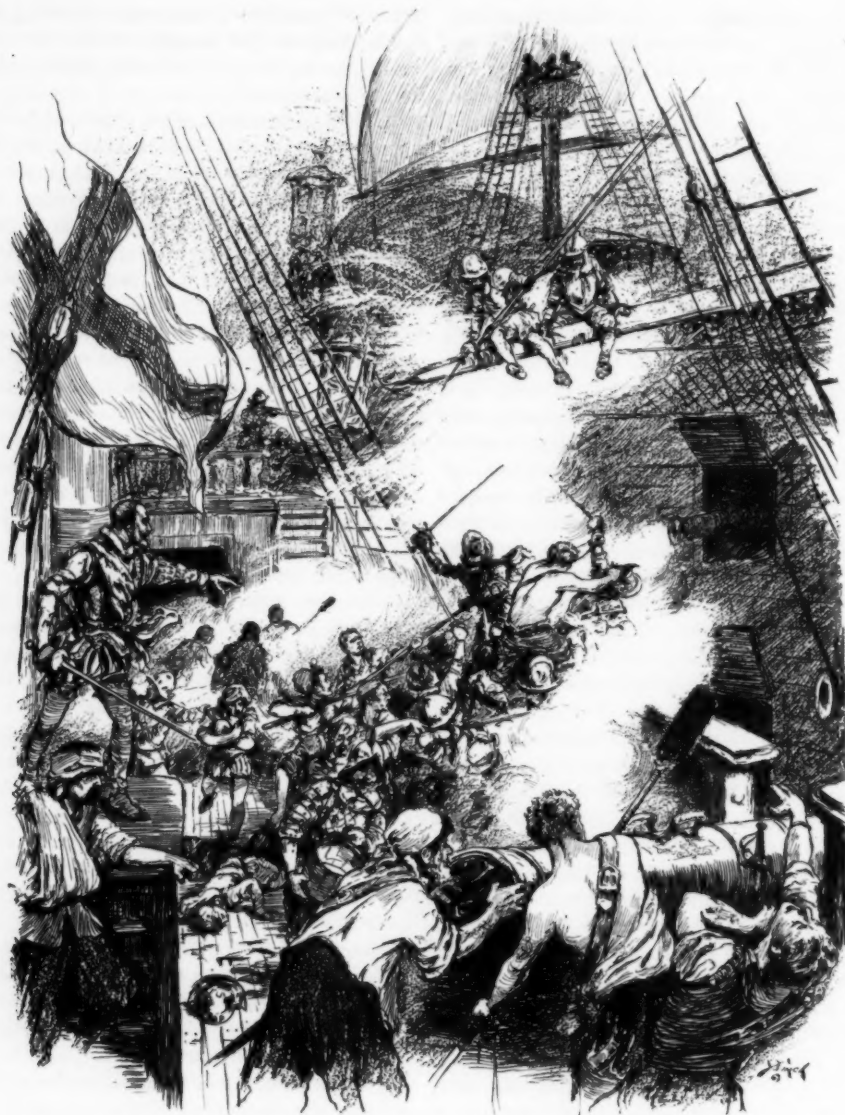
Not a few took the opportunity of caring for and binding up their wounds, and Sir Richard himself, having been hit by a shot, paid a hasty visit to the surgeon.

Suddenly a hearty English cheer rang over the waters to leeward of them. Hope brightened in the men's eyes, and they looked around eagerly. Perhaps Howard had changed his mind, after all, and returned, resolved at all risks to help the *Revenge* in her sore strait. Alas, no! It was only one of the little provision-ships commanded by George Noble of London, who, moved by the sight of this unequal struggle, determined that he, at all events, would stand by Sir Richard to the last, and so placed himself under his orders. But the vice-admiral refused to take advantage of this useless self-devotion. "Save yourself," he replied characteristically, "and leave me to my fortune." So plucky George Noble of London drew off with a sigh, and had his work cut out for him to run successfully the gantlet of the Spaniards.

The short interval of precious rest was now well-nigh over. From all sides the Seville galleons were bearing down upon the English ship, looking, as they did so, like huge white birds winging toward their prey. The sun, broadening toward its descent, made a glory of the western sea, and touched with fire the white sails of the advancing Spaniards. Down came the Dons again, wrapped in smoke and flame, amid the thunder of their cannon. Fresh ships were these, eager for the glory of capturing this obstinate Englishman, who fought, they said, as if he were possessed by a demon. Sir Richard's voice rang trumpet-like through his ship. His men sprang to their guns, and once more the fierce struggle began amid the peaceful splendors of the sunset, and continued beneath the stars of the summer night.

Strive as they might, the Spanish galleons could not take this single small English ship which lay hemmed in by their fleet and unable to escape them. In vain they plied her with broadsides and volleys of musketry, and poured their soldiery upon her decks.

Ship after ship hauled off from the sides of the *Revenge*; others immediately took their places, and the unequal struggle was kept up far into the night. An hour before midnight Sir



"ONCE MORE THE FIERCE STRUGGLE BEGAN."

Richard received a shot in the body. Going below to have his wound dressed, he was hit in the head by another musket-ball, while the surgeon in attendance fell by his side. Sir Richard, though sorely wounded, still struggled on deck, and directed his men.

Toward morning the fight began to slacken.

The Spanish ships were fairly beaten off, and hung round sullenly, watching their opportunity, like hounds about a wounded boar. But the Revenge's bolt was shot, had they but known it. Her power had given out, more than half her crew were killed or disabled, and her commander himself lay mortally wounded. Sir

Richard with this one small ship had engaged the whole force of the Spanish fleet for over twelve hours. According to Raleigh's computation, the *Revenge* had received eight hundred shot of artillery besides sustaining numerous assaults, and still remained unconquered.

That such a thing should have been possible is a proof of wild firing on the part of the Spaniards; for the *Revenge* would have been shivered to splinters had the Spanish guns been properly directed. And the lofty sides of their great galleons rendered it difficult to depress their cannon low enough to strike effectively the hulls of the smaller English ships.

Jacob Wheddon, of the provision-ship "*Pilgrim*," who had hung about all night with his vessel in the vague hope of assisting Grenville, or at least of ascertaining his fate, saw a singular spectacle as the sun rose that morning. There lay the *Revenge* rising and falling inertly on the Atlantic swell. Not a stick was standing aboard her. Her bulwarks were shot away, leaving the decks flush with the sea. Around her in a wide circle lay the Spanish ships, some of them bearing evident marks of rough handling, and none showing any disposition to attack the *Revenge*, helpless log though she seemed. Two of their number had been sunk by Grenville's fire, and the rest were quite uncertain what power of resistance the English vessel still possessed, or when those dogged islanders would choose to consider themselves beaten. Wheddon had no time to make a closer examination, for the Spaniards were after him in a trice, and he was obliged to double like a hare to escape.

The sick men, for whose sake Grenville had fought this desperate battle, meanwhile lay below in the hold of the *Revenge*.

Sir Richard, sitting desperately wounded on deck, looked around him and reflected. The gunpowder had given out he knew, and to fight the ship longer was impossible; running away, too, in the absence of spars and masts was equally out of the question. He was aware also that the Spaniards were held in check only by their dread of him, and that any moment one might stand in and deliver her fire, thereby discovering his helplessness. He summoned around him the remnant of his people, includ-

ing the captain, the master, and the master-gunner. Now this same master-gunner was a man after Sir Richard's own heart, a determined sea-dog and resolute to follow his commander wherever he might lead.

In a few words Sir Richard explained to his men the plan he proposed to follow. It was very simple: namely, to sink the ship and go to the bottom with it. This course at once commended itself to the master-gunner and received his cordial assent; some others of the crew also supported it—less heartily. But the captain, the ship-master, and the rest were of another mind altogether.

"After such a fight," said they, "the Spaniards would certainly give quarter, and those who were yet alive might be preserved to fight again for their queen and country."

"Nay," said Sir Richard, "the Spaniards shall never have the glory of taking this ship, seeing that we have so long and so valiantly defended ourselves."

To this speech the extremely practical answer was made that the ship had six feet of water in her hold, that she had been hulled three times below the water-line, and that to move her was impossible, for at the least disturbance she would founder.

Sir Richard, however, would listen to none of these arguments, and in this he was backed up by the master-gunner. While the wrangle was going on, the ship-master slipped away and got himself conveyed on board the Spanish admiral's vessel. He found the admiral, Don Alonso Bassan, very loath to meddle further with Grenville, and convinced that the arrival of the first Spaniard on board the *Revenge* would be a signal for Sir Richard to blow into the air the ship and all it contained. The master at once took advantage of the admiral's ignorance of Grenville's resources, and in the end, owing to the mingled fear and admiration the Spaniards entertained for Grenville, and their desire to secure his person, the English got very favorable terms. The lives of all were spared, a passage to England was granted them, and those only who could afford it were to pay ransom.

With this good news, the master hastened back to the *Revenge*, and no sooner did the men become aware of the terms offered them

than the few who had supported Grenville deserted to his opponents, so that he was left without a follower except the master-gunner. Soon many of the Spanish boats had come alongside, and the men, not knowing what Sir Richard might be at, and afraid of stopping on board with him, slipped over the side one by one, and were conveyed to the Spanish fleet.

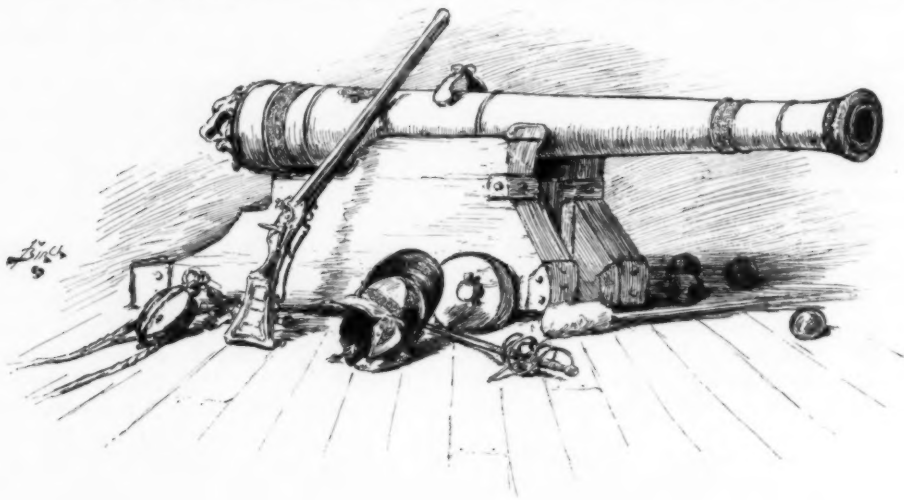
Finding himself completely deserted, Sir Richard at last gave way and allowed himself to be transported from the *Revenge*. He was treated with humanity by the Spaniards, who entertained the highest admiration for his courage, but he expired some three days afterward. His last words are said to have been: "Here die I, Richard Grenville, with a joyful and quiet mind; for that I have ended my life as a true soldier ought to do."

Most of the English prisoners reached their

native land in safety, and it is from their narratives that the original account of the action was compiled.

Grenville has been blamed for his recklessness, but it is difficult to enter fully into the feelings of his time and so get at the exact motives that influenced him. No doubt had he lived in our own days his valor would scarcely be held to have excused his rashness. But in Sir Richard's mind life was a feather weighed against his ideas of honor.

Freebooters they may have been, those daring sailors of the days of "Queen Bess," with a hound-like scent for Spanish treasure-ships and caring little for the blood-stains on the doubloons they captured. But they lived in rough times. And as an example of courage pure and simple, this fight off the Azores is not excelled by any action in the annals of the British navy.



WINTER TREES.

BY MRS M. F. BUTTS.

Who finds the trees of winter bleak
Has not the poet's sight.
They bear gold sunrise fruit at dawn,
And silver stars at night.

All day they prop the lowering clouds,
No respite do they ask
And they sing in voices deep and wild,
Like giants at a task.

TOM PAULDING.

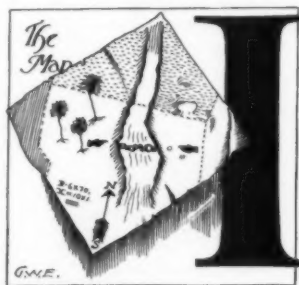
(*A Tale of Treasure Trove in the Streets of New York.*)

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS.

This is a story of buried treasure in the streets of New York, and this first chapter describes the locality where Tom Paulding began the search. Any reader who has conscientious objections to descriptions may skip this, and begin the story with the next chapter. Later he can come back to this if he then sees the need of it.—B. M.

CHAPTER I.

THE SCENE OF THE STORY.



IN every great city there are unexplored fastnesses as little known to the world at large as is the heart of the Dark Continent. Now and again it happens that a sudden turn in the tide of business or of fashion brings into view these hitherto unexplored regions. Then there begins at once a struggle between the old and the new, between the conditions which obtained when that part of the city was ignored, and those which prevail now that it has been brought to the knowledge of men. The struggle is sharp, for a while; but the end is inevitable. The old cannot withstand the new; and in a brief space of time the unknown region wakes up, and there is a fresh life in all its streets; there is a tearing down, and there is a building up; and in a few months the place ceases to be old, although it has not yet become new.

During this state of transition there are many curious changes; and a pair of sharp eyes can see many curious things.

In the Island of Manhattan, there is more than one undiscovered country of this kind; and in a city as active and as restless as New York it is only a question of time how soon such a quarter shall be discovered, and rescued

from neglect. Though a place may have been abandoned for a century, sooner or later some one will find it out again. Though it may have been left on one side during the forced march of improvement, sooner or later some one will see its advantages, and will make them plain.

At the time of this story, when our hero, young Tom Paulding, set forth upon his quest for buried treasure, in the ninth decade of the nineteenth century, the quarter of New York where he lived, and where he sought what had been lost more than a hundred years before, was passing through a period of transition. This part of New York lies above Central Park, back of Morningside Park and beside the Hudson River, where the Riverside drive stretches itself out for two miles and more along the brow of the wooded hill.

This portion of the city has much natural beauty and not a little historic interest. Just beyond the rocky terrace of Morningside Park was fought the battle of Harlem Plains on September 16, 1776. Then it was that the British troops, having occupied the lower part of the island, assaulted the Continental forces, and were beaten back. For days thereafter, General Washington had his headquarters within a mile or two of the spot where General Grant now lies buried.

In the fourscore years which elapsed between the retirement of Washington from the presidency of these United States and the election of Grant to that exalted position, the part of Manhattan Island where Tom Paulding lived, and where his father, and his grandfather, and his great-grandfather had lived before him, changed very little. In 1876 it seemed almost as remote from the centers of trade and of

fashion as it had been in 1776. Although it was not out of town, it was beyond the beaten track of traffic. Just before the Revolution, and immediately after it, handsome country-seats had been built here and there on the heights overlooking the Hudson. And here and there, on the rocky knobs that thrust themselves up through the soil, squatters had since set up their little wooden shanties, increasing in number as the edges of the city spread out nearer and nearer.

In time the Riverside drive was laid out along the river; and then the transformation began. Day by day there were changes, and year by year the neighborhood was hardly recognizable.

Here had been one of the few spots on Manhattan Island where nature was allowed to run wild and to do as she thought best, unimpeded by man; and by great good fortune, the advancing tide of city life was not allowed to overwhelm altogether the natural beauty of the region. The irregularities of the surface were planed over, it is true; streets were cut through the walls of rock which then arose in jagged cliffs high above the sidewalks on both sides, and avenues were carried across sunken meadows, leaving deep, wide hollows where the winter snows collected.

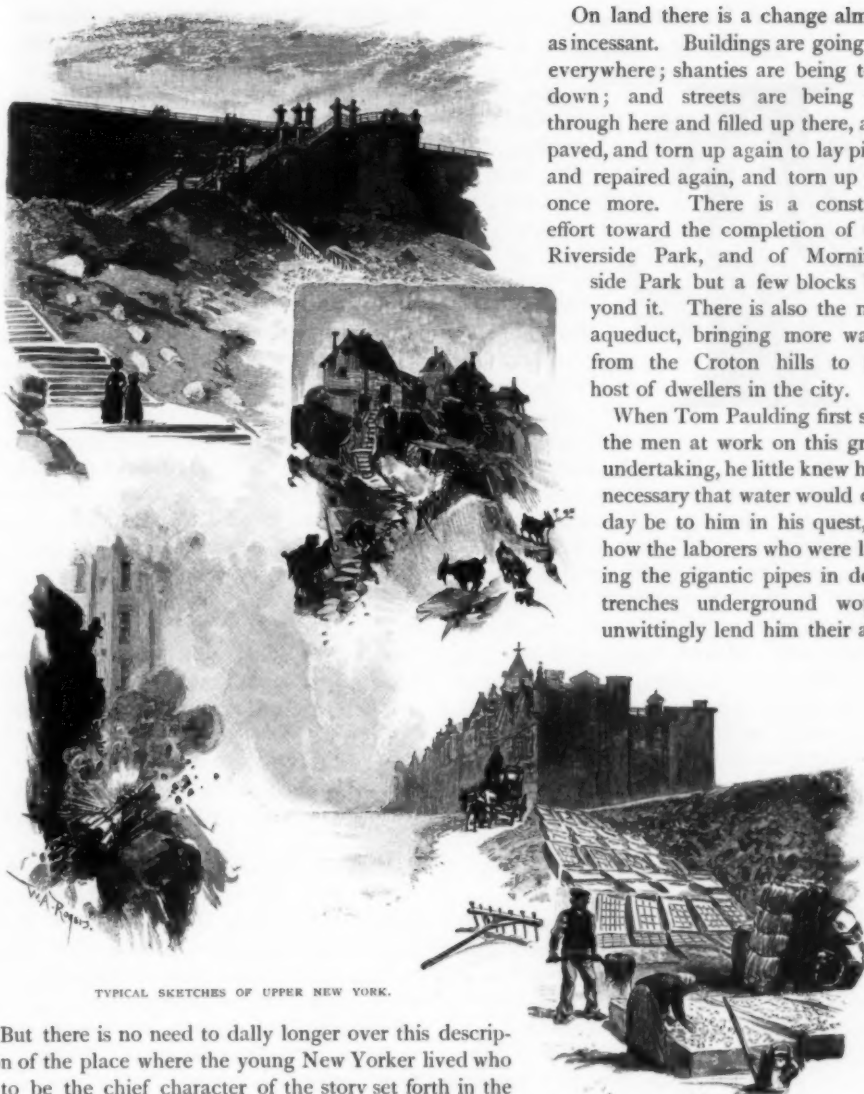
Around the shanties which were perched upon the rocks sheer above the new streets, goats browsed on the scanty herbage; and down in the hollows which lay below the level of the same thoroughfares, geese swam about placidly, and squawked when a passing boy was carelessly cruel enough to throw a stone at the peaceful flock.

It is a region of contrasts as it is a time of transition. In one block can be seen the old orchard which girt about one of the handsome country-places built here early in the century; and in the next can be seen the frames of a market-gardener, who is raising lettuce under glass, on ground which the enterprising builder may demand any day. The patched and weather-stained shanty of the market-gardener may be within the shadow of a new marble mansion with its plate-glass conservatory. An old wooden house with a Grecian portico is torn down to make room for a tall flat, stretch-

ing itself seven stories high, with accommodation for a dozen families at least. The builder is constantly at work. The insignificant whistle of his engine announces the morning; and the dull report of blasting is of daily frequency.

With its many possibilities, this is perhaps the part of New York where a boy can find the most wholesome fun. He is in the city, although he has many of the privileges of the country. He can walk under trees and climb hills; and yet he is not beyond the delights of the town. There are long slopes down which he may coast in winter; and there are as yet many vacant lots where he may play ball in summer. There is the Morningside Park with its towering battlements, just the place for a sham fight. There is the Riverside Park with its broad terrace extending nearly three miles along the river front, and with its strip of woodland sloping steeply to the railroad track by the river.

It is a place with nearly every advantage that a boy can wish. For one thing, there is unceasing variety. If he takes a walk by the parapet of the Riverside, the freight-trains on the railroad below rush past fiercely, and are so long that the engine will be quite out of sight before the caboose at the end comes into view. From the brow of the hill the moving panorama of the Hudson unrolls itself before him; above are the Palisades rising sheer from the water's edge and crowned with verdure; opposite is Weehawken, and just below are the Elysian Fields, now sadly shorn of their green beauty. No two views of the river are ever alike, except possibly in winter when the stream may freeze over. In the summer there is an incessant change; yachts tack across against the breeze; immense tows of canal-boats come down drawn by one broad and powerful steamboat, and pert little tugs puff their way up and down, here and there. The day-boats go up every morning and the night-boats follow them every evening. Excursions and picnic parties go by in double-decked barges, lashed together side by side, and gay with flags and music. Sometimes a swift steam-yacht speeds up stream to West Point, and sometimes a sloop loaded with brick from Haverstraw drifts down with the tide.



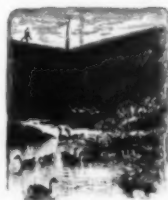
TYPICAL SKETCHES OF UPPER NEW YORK.

But there is no need to dally longer over this description of the place where the young New Yorker lived who is to be the chief character of the story set forth in the following pages. It is time now to introduce Tom Paulding himself; to show you what manner of boy he was; to make you acquainted with his friends and companions; to explain how it happened that his uncle returned home in time to advise; and to tell how it was that he set out to find the treasure. What the final result of his quest will be fully shown in this narrative; but whether or not Tom Paulding was successful in his endeavor, every reader must decide for himself.

VOL. XIX.—2.

On land there is a change almost as incessant. Buildings are going up everywhere; shanties are being torn down; and streets are being cut through here and filled up there, and paved, and torn up again to lay pipe, and repaired again, and torn up yet once more. There is a constant effort toward the completion of the Riverside Park, and of Morning-side Park but a few blocks beyond it. There is also the new aqueduct, bringing more water from the Croton hills to the host of dwellers in the city.

When Tom Paulding first saw the men at work on this great undertaking, he little knew how necessary that water would one day be to him in his quest, or how the laborers who were laying the gigantic pipes in deep trenches underground would unwittingly lend him their aid.



CHAPTER II.
AROUND THE BONFIRE.



N one of the side streets extending eastward from the Riverside Park, a dozen boys were gathered about a barrel, which had been raised on four stones. It was late in the afternoon of the

Tuesday following the first Monday in November; and the boys were about to exercise the immemorial privilege of young New Yorkers on election night. Between the stones which supported the barrel were two or three crumpled newspapers and a heap of shavings. Within the wooden chimney of the barrel itself were the sides of a broken box, six or eight short boards, and such other combustible odds and ends as the boys had been able to get together against the coming of the fiery holiday. The impromptu altar had been erected almost in the middle of the street; but as there was scarcely a house within a block on either side, and as few carriages or carts needed to come down that way, there was little danger that the bonfire of the "Black Band" would frighten any horses.

When the shavings had been inspected, and he had made sure that the flames would be able to rise readily through the improvised flue, the boy who seemed to be the leader looked around and said, "Who 's got a match?"

"Here 's a whole box!" cried little Jimmy Wigger, thrusting himself through the ring of youngsters ranged about the barrel. He was the smallest boy of all, and he was greatly pleased to be of service.

"Are you going to set it off now, Cissy?" a tall thin lad asked.

"Well I am!" answered the boy who had been making ready for the fire. "We said that we 'd start it up at five o'clock, did n't we?"

The speaker was a solidly built young fellow

of about fourteen, with a round, good-natured face. His name was Marcus Cicero Smith; his father always called him "Cicero," and among his playfellows and companions he was known as "Cissy," for short.

A timid voice suggested, "What 's your hurry, Cissy? Tom Paulding is n't here yet."

This voice belonged to Harry Zachary, a slim boy of scant thirteen, shy in manner and hesitating in speech. He had light golden hair and light blue eyes.

"If Tom Paulding 's late," replied Cissy, as he stooped forward and set fire to the paper and shavings, "so much the worse for Tom, that 's all. He knows the appointed hour as well as we do."

"I 'd just like to know what is keeping Tom. He 's not often late," said the tall thin lad who had spoken before, and as he said it he twisted himself about, looking over his shoulders with a strange spiral movement. It was partly on account of this peculiar habit of self-contortion that he was generally addressed as "Corkscrew." But that nickname had been given also because of his extraordinary inquisitiveness. His curiosity was unceasing and inordinate. It is to be recorded, moreover, that he had straight red hair, and that his thin legs were made more conspicuous by a large pair of boots, the tops of which rose above his knees. His real name was George William Lott.

As the wood in the barrel kindled and blazed up, the boys heaped on more fuel from a pile outside their circle. While taking a broken board from the stack, little Jimmy Wigger looked up and saw a figure approaching. The street where they were assembled had been cut through high rocks which towered up on each side, irregular and jagged. Twilight had begun to settle down on the city, and in the hollow where the roadway ran between the broken crags there was little light but that of the bonfire. It was difficult to make out a stranger until he was close upon them.

"Some one is coming!" cried little Jimmy, glad that he had again been able to be useful.

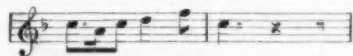
The approaching figure stood still at once.

The group about the fire spread open, and Cissy careened forward a few feet. He had al-

ways a strange swing in his walk, not unlike the rolling gait of a sailor.

When he had swung ahead four or five paces he paused, and raising his fingers to his lips, he gave a shrill whistle with a peculiar cadence:

Hail.



The stranger also stood still, and made the expected answer with a flourish of its own:

Answer.



"It's Tom Paulding," said Harry Zachary.

"I wonder what has made him so late," Corkscrew remarked.

Cissy Smith took another step forward, and cried, "Who goes there?"

The new-comer also advanced a step, which brought him into the glare of the blazing barrel. He was seen to be a well-knit boy of barely fourteen, with dark brown eyes and curly black hair.

To Cissy's challenge he answered in a clear voice, "A friend of the Black Band."

"Advance, friend of the Black Band, and give the countersign and grip."

Each of the two boys took three paces forward, and stood face to face.

The new-comer bent forward and solemnly whispered in Cissy's ear the secret password of the Black Band, "Captain Kidd."

With the same solemnity, Cissy whispered back, "As he sailed." Then he extended his right hand.

Tom Paulding grasped this firmly in his own, slipping his little finger between Cissy's third and little fingers; then he pressed the back of Cissy's hand three times with his own thumb.

These proper formalities having been observed with due decorum, the boys released their grasp and walked together to the bonfire.

"What made you so late, Tom?" asked Corkscrew.

"My mother kept me while she finished a letter to my Uncle Dick that she wanted me to mail for her," Tom Paulding replied; "and besides I had to find my dark lantern."

"Have you got it here?" said Cissy.

"Oh, do let me see it!" cried little Jimmy Wigger.

Tom Paulding unbuttoned his jacket and took the lantern from his belt. There was at once perceptible a strong odor of burnt varnish; but the circle of admiring boys did not mind this. The possession of a dark lantern increased their admiration for its owner, who was a favorite, partly from his frank and pleasant manner, and partly because of his ingenuity in devising new sports. It was Tom Paulding who had started the Black Band, a society of thirteen boys all solemnly bound to secrecy and to be faithful, one to another, whatever might befall. Cissy Smith, as the oldest of the thirteen, had been elected captain, at Tom's suggestion, and Tom himself was lieutenant.

"Is it lighted?" little Jimmy Wigger asked, as he caught sight of a faint spot of light at the back of the dark lantern in Tom's hand.

"Of course it is," Tom replied, and he turned the bull's-eye toward the rugged wall of rocks which arose at the side of the street, and pulled the slide. A faint disk of light appeared on the stones.

"That's bully!" said Harry Zachary, in his usual hesitating voice. "I wish I had one!"

"What good is a dark lantern, anyhow?" asked Corkscrew Lott, who was almost as envious as he was curious. "What did you bring it out for?"

"Well," Tom answered, "I had a reason. We had n't agreed what the Black Band was to be this evening; and I thought if we were burglars, for instance, it would be useful to have a dark lantern."

"Hooray!" said Cissy. "Let's be burglars."

There was a general cry of assent to this proposition.

"A burglar always has a dark lantern," Tom went on, "and he's most always has a jimmy—"

"Well, where's your jimmy?" interrupted Lott.

"Here it is," Tom answered, taking a dark stick from its place of concealment in the back of his jacket. "It ought to be iron, you know; a jimmy's a sort of baby crowbar. But I made this out of an old broomstick I got from our Katie. I whittled it down to the right shape at the end, and then I polished it off with blacking and a shoe-brush. It does look like iron, does n't it?"

The jimmy was passed from hand to hand, and met with general approval. Even Corkscrew Lott had no fault to find with it.

"We ought to have everything real burglars have, if we are going into the burgling business," added Tom.

"If we are burglars," said little Jimmy Wigger, in a plaintive voice, "can't we begin burgling soon? Because my aunt says I must be home by eight this evening, sure."

"I said it was a mistake to let that baby into

Now, if there was one thing which annoyed Tom more than another, it was that his hair was curly, "like a girl's" as he had said in disgust to his sister only that morning. And if there was any member of the Black Band toward whom he did not feel a brotherly cordiality, it was Lott.

"Look here, Corkscrew," he said hotly, "you let my hair alone, or I'll punch your head!"

"You had better not try it," returned Lott. "You could n't do it."



"TOM WAS TIED TO A STAKE, WITH HIS HANDS BEHIND HIM." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

the Black Band," Corkscrew remarked; "a pretty burglar he'll make!"

"Yes, I will!" cried little Jimmy, sturdily; "I'll make as good a burglar as you any day!"

"I could tell you stories about burglars that would make your hair curl," said Harry Zachary, noticing that little Jimmy had shrunk back.

"Then tell them to Tom Paulding," Lott cried; "he likes to have his hair curl. I believe he puts it up in curl-papers!"

"We'll see about that, if you say anything more against my hair!" Tom replied.

"I'll say what I please," responded Corkscrew. By this time Tom had recovered his temper.

"Say what you please," he answered, "and if it does n't please me, we'll have it out. The sooner we do, the better; for I don't believe we can get through the winter without a fight, and I sha'n't be sorry to have it over."

"Silence in the ranks," ordered the Captain

of the Black Band, as he saw that Lott was ready to keep up the quarrel. "Is it agreed that we are to be burglars?"

"No," answered Corkscrew quickly, before any of the others could speak. "We have n't got all the things. Let 's be Indians on the war-path. We 've got a bully fire now, and it 's the only night we can have it. So we can play we 've a captive, and we can burn him at the stake, and have a scalp-dance around the barrel."

"That 's a good idea," Harry Zachary agreed. "They won't let us have a bonfire except on election night."

"That 's so," Cissy admitted.

Lott saw his advantage and seized it promptly.

"We can be burglars any time," he cried, "if we want to. But to-night 's the best time to be Indians. It 's our only chance to burn a captive at the stake."

"We might make him run the gantlet first," suggested Harry Zachary, who was a delicate boy of a very mild appearance, but strangely fertile in sanguinary suggestions.

"Let little Jimmy Wigger be the captive," Lott proposed. "We won't hurt him much."

"No, you don't," Tom Paulding interposed. "Little Jimmy is too young. Besides, when his aunt let him join the Black Band, I promised that I would keep him out of mischief."

"Then who 'll run the gantlet?" asked Lott, sulkily.

"I will," Tom answered. "I 'd just as lief. In fact, I 'd liefer. I 've never been burned at the stake yet, and the Sioux shall see how a Pawnee can die!"

Then, at the command of Cissy Smith, the Black Band formed in a double row facing inward, and Tom Paulding ran the gantlet. When he came to the end of the lines he broke away, and the whole troop pursued him. After a sharp run he was caught, and brought back to the bonfire. More fuel was heaped upon this, and it blazed up fiercely. A stake was driven into the ground not far from the fire, and Tom was tied to it, with his hands behind him. Then, under the leadership of Cissy Smith, the Black Band circled about the fire and the stake, with Indian yells and shrill whistles. As the flames rose and fell on the shouting boys and on the broken rocks which

towered high above them on both sides, an imaginative spectator might almost have fancied himself gazing at some strange rite of the redskins in a far cañon of Colorado.

CHAPTER III.

A WALK BY THE RIVER.



BOUT six o'clock Jimmy Wigger's aunt came for him. He begged hard for only a few minutes more, but she did not yield and he went away reluctantly. Other

members of the Black Band remembered that their suppers would be waiting for them; and soon the assembly broke up. The smaller boys were the first to go, and the Captain and Lieutenant of the Black Band were the last to leave the blazing barrel which now was almost burnt out.

Tom Paulding had released himself from the bonds that bound him to the stake; and as he was stooping over the embers to warm his hands, Cissy Smith proposed that they should go for a walk through the woods between the Riverside drive and the river. Tom agreed at once, and asked Harry Zachary to come also.

Corkscrew Lott had started off ahead of them, but at the first corner he, too, joined the group.

The boys walked down the street four abreast, Cissy rolling along irregularly in his usual fashion. They crossed the Riverside Drive and stood for a minute at the head of the stone steps that led to the strip of steep woodland below. There was a sharp whistle in the distance, and then an advancing roar; and a short passenger train rushed rapidly past them, the flying white steam from the engine reddened by the glare from the furnace as the fireman threw in fresh fuel. Out on the broad river beyond, one of the night-boats went up the river, its rippling wake gleaming in the bluish moonlight.

"I wonder why little Jimmy's aunt came for him so early," said Corkscrew, twisting himself up on the parapet to get a good look over it.

"If she 'd found him tied to the stake, and the Black Band scalp-dancing all around him, she 'd have been 'most scared out of a year's growth, I reckon," Harry Zachary commented. His mother was a Kentuckian, and it was from her that he learned his gentle ways and his excellent manners. He had taken also from her an occasional Southern phrase not common in New York.

"I don't believe it would be much fun to be an Indian really," Cissy remarked. "I guess they have a pretty hard time of it when it 's cold and rainy—leastwise those I 've seen West did n't seem any too set up and happy." Cissy's father, Dr. Smith, had only a short time before removed to New York from Denver.

"Have you seen real Indians out West?" asked Tom Paulding. "Were they on the war-path?"

"Not much they were n't. They were coming into the agency to get their rations," Cissy answered.

"Did you kill any of 'em when you had the chance?" asked Harry in his usual timid voice.

"I did n't kill 'em. Of course not," Cissy responded. "Why should I?"

Tom Paulding was kindly by nature, but he was a little disappointed to learn that his friend had neglected a chance to kill a redskin.

"Perhaps you 've never read a book called 'Nick of the Woods'?" Harry Zachary inquired. "That tells all about a man they called the Jibbenainosay, who lived in the forest and killed Indians, and marked every man he killed so that they should know the handiwork of the Mysterious Avenger."

"My Uncle Dick, when he went up to the Black Hills, had a fight with the Indians," said Tom.

"How many did *he* kill?" asked Corkscrew, promptly.

"He did n't know," replied Tom, "but—"

"If he did n't know how many he killed what was the use of talking about it?" Harry Zachary asked. "That is n't any way to do.

The best plan is to be alone in the woods, and take 'em by surprise, and kill 'em, one by one, and mark 'em."

"And suppose one of them takes you by surprise and kills you, what then?" Cissy interposed.

"I reckon I 'd have to take my chances, if I was an Avenger," Harry admitted. "But in the books they 'most always get the best of it."

"Let 's go down to the water as we said we would," suggested Cissy.

"Look at that schooner," Tom cried, as they were going down the long stone stairway. "She 's a beauty, and no mistake."

"That 's the kind of a ship I 'd like if I was a pirate like Lafitte," said Harry Zachary.

"How can you be a pirate now, when there are policemen everywhere?" asked Cissy, scornfully.

"I 'd like to be a pirate some place where there are n't any policemen," Harry explained. "Down in Patagonia, or up in Greenland, or somewhere."

"They 'd be sure to send a big frigate after you," said Tom Paulding; "they always do."

"Then I 'd fight the frigate till the deck ran with blood," persisted Harry, with a tone of excitement in his gentle voice. "I 'd nail the black flag to the mast; and if they got the better of us I 'd fire the powder-magazine and blow up the whole boat—and that would surprise them, I reckon."

"It is n't the kind of surprise party I want," said Cissy emphatically, as the boys came to a halt among the trees near the railroad track by the edge of the river.

"How many pirates would there be on a boat like that?" inquired Lott.

"How many beans make five?" Cissy Smith answered sarcastically. "There 's a Boston problem for you."

Lott had been born in Boston, and he had lived in New York less than a year.

"I wish I knew a place where a pirate had buried his treasure," he remarked, paying no attention to Smith's taunt.

"Now, there 's another thing that 's great fun," Harry interjected, "and that 's hunting for buried treasure. I 've read all about that in a story called 'The Gold Bug.' It 's pretty

interesting, I reckon, to dig under a tree with a skeleton or a skull on one branch, and to find thousands and thousands of guineas and doubloons and pieces-of-eight."

"Pieces of eight what?" asked Cissy.

"Pieces-of-eight—why, that's just the name they have for them. They're some kind of a coin, I reckon," replied Harry.

"Pieces of eight cents, very likely," Cissy returned. "I don't believe it's worth while wearing yourself out with hard labor just to dig up a few pieces of eight cents. And who would all these guineas and doubloons and pieces of eight cents belong to when you found 'em?"

"They'd belong to us, I reckon," answered Harry.

"And just suppose they did n't?" retorted Cissy.

"Suppose the rightful owner turned up," suggested Tom Paulding; "the man who had buried the money during the war, or the son of the man, or his grandson?"

Harry Zachary was a little taken aback at this. His manner, always gentle and shy, now seemed milder than ever.

"Well," he said at last, "I reckon I'd have the luck to find the treasure that belonged to our family—that had been hid by my father, maybe, or my grandfather."

"Shucks!" cried Cissy, forcibly. "Being a pirate where there's no police and finding buried treasure that belongs to you—I don't think that's so very exciting, do you?"

Harry Zachary felt that this was a home thrust, and he had no retort ready. Tom Paulding came to his rescue and gave a practical turn to the talk.

"There's a buried treasure belonging to us, somewhere," he said, conscious of the envy this remark would excite.

"Where is it?" asked Corkscrew, promptly.

"If he knew where it was, don't you suppose he'd hustle round and get it?" Cissy remarked.

"It is n't really buried treasure," explained Tom, "at least, we don't know whether it's buried or not, or what has become of it. You see, it's just a lot of money that was stolen from my great-grandfather during the Revolutionary War."

"I guess the great-grandchildren of the man that stole it have a better chance of getting it than you have," said Cissy.

"He did n't leave any family—he did n't leave any trace of himself, even," Tom replied. "He just disappeared, taking the money with him. He's never been seen or heard of since, so my mother told me."

"And I guess the money will never be seen or heard of, either," Cissy remarked.

"How much was it?" Corkscrew inquired.

"Oh, a lot!" Tom answered; "several thousand pounds—as much gold as a man could carry. He took all he could lift comfortably."

"What would you do with it, if you had it?" asked Corkscrew.

"I'd pay off the mortgage on our house," said Tom, promptly. "And I'd get lots of things for Pauline—my sister, you know; and instead of going into a store as I've got to do next winter, I'd study to be a mining engineer."

"I'd rather be a soldier," Harry Zachary declared. "What would you like to be, Cissy?"

"It does n't make any matter what I'd like to be," replied Cissy; "I know what I am going to be—and that's a doctor. Pa says that he'll need an assistant by the time I'm through the medical school, and he allows he can ring me in on his patients."

"I have n't made up my mind what I'd like to be," said Lott. "At first I thought I'd choose to be an expressman, because then I'd get inside all sorts of houses, and see how the people lived, and learn all sorts of things. But I've been thinking it might be more fun to be a detective, because then I could find out anything I wanted to know."

"I guess it would take the Astor Library to hold all you want to know, Corkscrew," said Cissy pleasantly, as the boys began to retrace their steps up the hill; "but all you're likely to find out could be put in a copybook!"

Lott fell back a little and walked by the side of Harry Zachary.

"I wonder what makes Cissy Smith so pernickety," he said. "He's always poking fun at me."

"I would n't mind him now," responded Harry, consolingly, "and when you are a detec-

tive you can find out something about him and arrest him."

This comforting suggestion helped to keep up Lott's spirits, although Smith made more than one other sarcastic remark as the four climbed the hillside together.

"I can't bear that Corkscrew," Cissy confessed to Tom in a whisper.

"Well," Tom answered, also in a whisper, "I don't know that I really like him, myself. But he's one of the Black Band now, and I suppose we must stand by him."

(To be continued.)



BY VIRGINIA WOODWARD CLOUD.

"WHIRR!" says the little wheel. "Whirr! Whirr!"
While out of the window a twitter and stir,
And the bells of the garden are all a-chime
With the clock in the corner that ticks the time
Solemn o'er Lisbeth's white-capped head,
And kerchief demure, and petticoat red;

"Whirr!" says the little wheel, "let me be!"

But Lisbeth laughs, and blithe sings she:

"Soft and bright,

Smooth and white,

Keeps the thread in beginning,

And I'll have no spot,

Or tangled knot,

At the close of this day's spinning."

"Burr!" says the little wheel. "Bur-r-r—"

While the buds in the window beckon to her,

And the sunlight mocks at the clock's stern face,

And the big blue tiles in the chimney-place,

And dances in glee on the white floor bare,

And Lisbeth's braids of yellow hair—

"Burr!" says the little wheel, "don't you see?"

But Lisbeth laughs, and blithe sings she:

"Turn and spin,

Out and in,

No end without a beginning;

I must have no spot,

Or tangled knot,

At the close of this day's spinning!"





(Tee-Wahn Folk-Stories.)

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.



NOW there is a tail on you, *compadre* (friend)," said old Desiderio, nodding at Patricio after we had sat awhile in silence around the crackling fire. His remark referred to the Pueblo superstition that a donkey-tail will grow upon him who obstinately refuses to tell a story in his turn.

Patricio was holding a strip of rawhide across

his knee, and was scraping the hair from it with a dull knife.

It was high time to be thinking of new soles, for already there was a wee hole in the bottom of each of his moccasins; and as for Benito, his shy little grandson, *his* toes were all abroad.

But shrilly as the cold night-wind outside hinted the wisdom of speedy cobbling, Patricio had no wish to acquire that donkey's tail, so, laying the rawhide and knife upon the floor beside him, he deliberately rolled a modest pinch of an aromatic weed in a corn-husk, lighted

this cigarette at the coals, and drew Benito's tousled head to his side.

"You have heard," he said, with a slow puff, "about Nah-chu-ru-chu, the mighty medicine-man who lived here in Isleta in the times of the ancients?"

"*Ahu!* (yes!)" cried all the boys. "You have promised to tell us how he married the Moon!"

"Another time I will do so. But now I shall tell you something that was before that—for Nah-chu-ru-chu had many strange adventures before he married P'ah-hlee-oh, the Moon Mother. Do you know why the rattlesnake—which is the king of all snakes and alone has the power of death in his mouth—always shakes his *guaje* [the Pueblo sacred rattle] before he bites?"

"*Een-dah!* (No!)" chorused Ramon, and Benito, and Juan, and Tomas, very eagerly; for they were particularly fond of hearing about the exploits of the greatest of Tee-wahn medicine-men.

"Listen, then, and you shall hear."

In those days Nah-chu-ru-chu had a friend who lived in a pueblo nearer the foot of the

Eagle Feather Mountain than this, in the Place of the Red Earth, where still are its ruins; and the two young men went often to the mountain together to bring wood and to hunt. Now, Nah-chu-ru-chu had a white heart, and never thought ill; but the friend had the evil road and became jealous, for Nah-chu-ru-chu was a better hunter. But he said nothing, and did as if he still loved Nah-chu-ru-chu truly.

One day the friend came over from his village and said:

"Friend Nah-chu-ru-chu, let us go to-morrow for wood, and to have a hunt."

"It is well," replied Nah-chu-ru-chu. Next morning he started very early and came to the village of his friend; and together they went to the mountain. When they had gathered much wood, and lashed it in bundles for carrying, they started off in opposite directions to hunt. In a short time each returned with a fine fat deer.

"But why should we hasten to go home, friend Nah-chu-ru-chu?" said the friend. "It is still early, and we have much time. Come, let us stay here and amuse ourselves with a game."

"It is well, friend," answered Nah-chu-ru-chu, "but what game shall we play? For we have neither sticks, nor hoops, nor any other game here."

"Yes; we will roll the *mah-khur*, for while I was waiting for you I made one that we might play"—and the false friend drew from beneath his blanket a pretty, painted hoop. Really he had bewitched it at home, and had brought it hidden, on purpose to do harm to Nah-chu-ru-chu.

"Now go down there and catch it when I roll it," said he; and Nah-chu-ru-chu did so.

But as he caught the magic hoop when it came rolling, he was no longer Nah-chu-ru-chu the brave hunter, but was instantly changed into a poor coyote with great tears rolling down his nose!

"Hu!" said the false friend, tauntingly, "we



"AS HE CAUGHT THE HOOP, HE WAS INSTANTLY CHANGED INTO A POOR COYOTE!"

do this to each other! So now you have all the plains to wander over, to the north, and west, and south; but you can never go to the

east. And if you are not lucky, the dogs will tear you; but if you are lucky, they may have pity on you. So now good-by, for this is the last I shall ever see of you."

Then the false friend went away, laughing, to his village; and the poor coyote wandered aimlessly, weeping to think that he had been betrayed by the one he had loved and trusted as a brother. For four days he prowled about the outskirts of Isleta, looking wistfully at his home. The fierce dogs ran out to tear him; but when they came near, they only sniffed at him, and went away without hurting him. He could find nothing to eat save dry bones, and old soles or thongs of moccasins.

On the fourth day, he turned westward, and wandered until he came to Mesita. There was no town of the Lagunas there then, and only a shepherd's hut and corral, in which were an old Queres Indian and his grandson, tending their goats.

Next morning when the grandson went out very early to let the goats from the corral, he saw a coyote run out from among the goats. It went off a little way, and then sat down and watched him. The boy counted the goats, and none were missing, and he thought it strange. But he said nothing to his grandfather.

For three more mornings, the very same thing happened; and on the fourth morning the boy told his grandfather. The old man came out, and sent the dogs after the coyote, which was sitting at a little distance; but when they came near they would not touch him.

"I suspect there is something wrong here," said the old shepherd; and he called: "Coyote, are you coyote-true, or are you people?"

But the coyote could not answer; and the old man called again: "Coyote, are you people?"

At that the coyote nodded his head, "Yes."

"If that is so, come here and be not afraid of us; for we will be the ones to help you out of this trouble."

So the coyote came to them and licked their hands, and they gave it food—for it was dying of hunger. When it was fed, the old man said:

"Now, son, you are going out with the goats along the creek, and there you will see some willows. With your mind look at two willows,

and note them; and to-morrow morning you must go and bring one of them."

The boy went away tending the goats, and the coyote stayed with the old man. Next morning, when they awoke very early, they saw all the earth wrapped in a white *manta*, or cloak. [This figure of speech is always used by the Pueblos in speaking of snow in connection with sacred things.]

"Now, son," said the old man, "you must wear only your moccasins and leggings and go like a man to the two willows you marked yesterday. To one of them you must pray; and then cut the other, and bring it to me."

The boy did so, and came back with the willow stick. The old man prayed, and made a *mah-khur* hoop; and bidding the coyote stand a little way off and stick his head through the hoop before it should stop rolling, rolled it toward him. The coyote waited till the hoop came very close, and gave a great jump and put his head through it before it could stop. And lo! in an instant, there stood Nah-chu-ru-chu, young and handsome as ever; but his beautiful suit of fringed buckskin was all in rags. For four days he stayed there and was cleansed with the cleansing of the medicine-man; and then the old shepherd said to him:

"Now, friend Nah-chu-ru-chu, there is a road. [That is, you can go home.] But take with you this *faja* [a fine woven belt, with figures in bright colors], for though your power is great, you have submitted to this evil. When you get home, he who did this to you will be first to know, and he will come pretending to be your friend as if he had done nothing; and he will ask you to go hunting again. So you must go; and when you come to the mountain, with this *faja* you shall repay him."

Nah-chu-ru-chu thanked the kind old shepherd, and started home. But when he came to the Bad Hill and looked down into the valley of the Rio Grande, his heart sank. All the grass and fields and trees were dry and dead—for Nah-chu-ru-chu was the medicine-man who controlled the clouds, so no rain could fall when he was gone; and the eight days he had been a coyote were in truth eight years. The river was dry, and the springs; and many of the people were dead from thirst, and the rest

were dying. But as Nah-chu-ru-chu came down the hill, it began to rain again, and all the people were glad.

When he came into the pueblo, all the fascinating people came out to welcome him. And soon came the false friend, making as if he had never bewitched him nor had known whither he disappeared.

"Then I will roll it to you; and if you can catch it before it unwinds, you may have it."

So he wound it up [like a roll of tape], and holding by one end gave it a push so that it ran away from him, unrolling as it went. The false friend jumped for it, but it was unrolled before he caught it.

"Een-dah!" said Nah-chu-ru-chu, pulling it



"AS HE SEIZED IT HE WAS CHANGED FROM A TALL YOUNG MAN INTO A GREAT RATTLESNAKE."

In a few days the false friend came again to propose a hunt; and next morning they went to the mountain together. Nah-chu-ru-chu had the pretty *faja* wound around his waist; and when the wind blew his blanket aside, the other saw it.

"Ah! What a pretty *faja*!" cried the false friend. "Give it to me, friend Nah-chu-ru-chu."

"Een-dah! (No!)" said Nah-chu-ru-chu. But the false friend begged so hard that at last he said:

back. "If you do not care enough for it to be spryer than that, you cannot have it."

The false friend begged for another trial; so Nah-chu-ru-chu rolled it again. This time the false friend caught it before it was unrolled; and lo! as he seized it he was changed from a tall young man into a great rattlesnake, with tears rolling from his lidless eyes!

"We, too, do this to each other!" said Nah-chu-ru-chu. He took from his medicine-pouch a pinch of the sacred meal and laid it on the snake's flat head for its food, and then a pinch

of the corn-pollen to tame it. And the snake ran out its red, forked tongue, and licked them.

"Now," said Nah-chu-ru-chu, "this mountain and all rocky places shall be your home. But you can never again do harm to another without warning, as you did to me. For see, there is a *guaje* in your tail, and whenever you would do any one an injury, you must warn them beforehand with your rattle."

"And is that the reason why Ch'ah-rah-rah-deh always rattles to give warning before he bites?" asked Juan, who is now quite as often called Juan Biscocho (John Biscuit), since I photographed him one day crawling out of the big adobe bake-oven where he had been hiding.

"That is the very reason. Then Nah-chu-ru-chu left his false friend, from whom all the rattlesnakes are descended, and came back to his village. From that time all went well with Isleta, for Nah-chu-ru-chu was at home again to attend to the clouds. There was plenty of rain, and the river began to run again, and the springs flowed. The people plowed and planted again, as they had not been able to do for several years, and all their work prospered. As for the people who lived in the Place of the Red Earth, they all moved down here, because the Apaches were very bad; and here their descendants live to this day."

"Is that so?" sighed all the boys, in chorus, sorry that the story was so soon done.

"That is so," replied old Patricio. "And now, *compadre* Antonio, there is a tail on you."

"Well, then, I will tell a story which they told me in Taos * last year," said the old man.

"Ah-h!" said the boys.

"It is about

THE COYOTE AND THE WOODPECKER."

WELL, once upon a time a Coyote and his family lived near the edge of a wood. There was a big hollow tree there, and in it lived an old Woodpecker and his wife and children. One day as the Coyote father was strolling along the edge of the forest he met the Woodpecker father.

"Hin-no-kah-kee-ma (good morning)," said

the Coyote; "how do you do to-day, friend Hlooo-ree-deh (Woodpecker)?"

"Very well, thank you, and how are you, friend Too-whay-deh (Coyote)?"

So they stopped and talked together awhile; and when they were about to separate the Coyote said:

"Friend Woodpecker, why do you not come as friends to see us? Come to our house to supper this evening, and bring your family."

"Thank you, friend Coyote," said the Woodpecker, "we will come with joy."

So that evening, when the Coyote mother had made supper ready, here came the Woodpecker father and the Woodpecker mother with their three children. When they had come in, all five of the Woodpeckers stretched themselves as they do after flying, and by that showed their pretty feathers—for the Hlooo-ree-deh has yellow and red marks under its wings. While they were eating supper too, they sometimes spread their wings, and displayed their bright under-side. They praised the supper highly, and said the Coyote mother was a perfect housekeeper. When it was time to go, they thanked the Coyotes very kindly and invited them to come to supper at their house the following evening. But after they were gone, the Coyote father could restrain himself no longer, and he said:

"Did you see what airs those Woodpeckers put on? Always showing off their bright feathers? But I want them to know that the Coyotes are equal to them. I'll show them!"

Next day, the Coyote father set all his family at work bringing wood, and built a great fire in front of his house. When it was time to go to the house of the Woodpeckers he called his wife and children to the fire, and lashed a burning stick under each of their arms, with the burning end pointing forward; and then he fixed himself in the same way.

"Now," said he, "we will show them! When we get there, you must lift up your arms now and then, to show them that we are as good as the Woodpeckers."

When they came to the house of the Woodpeckers and went in, all the Coyotes kept lifting their arms often, to show the bright coals

* The most northern of the Pueblo cities. Its people also are Tee-wahn.

underneath. But as they sat down to supper, one Coyote girl gave a shriek and said:

"Ow, *Tata!* My fire is burning me!"

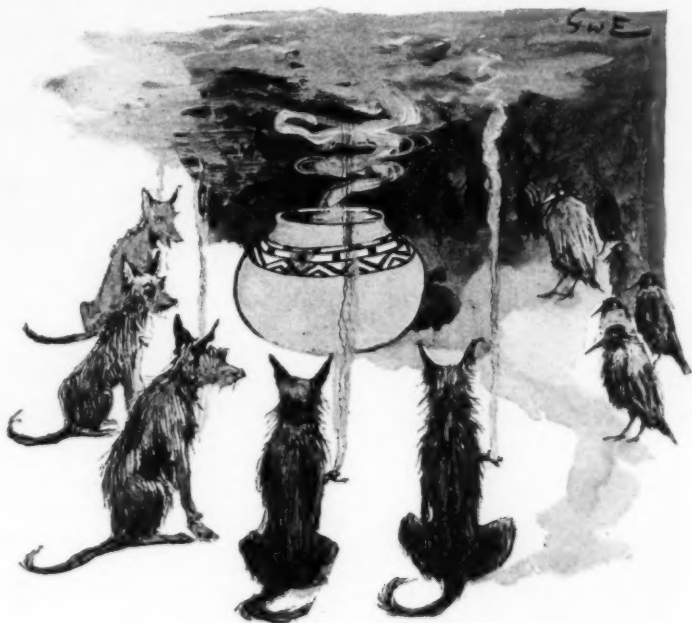
"Be patient, my daughter," said the Coyote father, severely, "and do not cry about little things."

"Oh!" cried another Coyote girl in a moment, "my fire has gone out!"

But the Coyotes were very uncomfortable, and made an excuse to hurry home as soon as they could. When they got there, the Coyote father whipped them all for exposing him to be laughed at.

But the Woodpecker father gathered his children around him, and said:

"Now, my children, you see what the Coy-



THE COYOTES AT SUPPER WITH THE WOODPECKERS.

This was more than the Coyote father could stand, and he reproved her angrily.

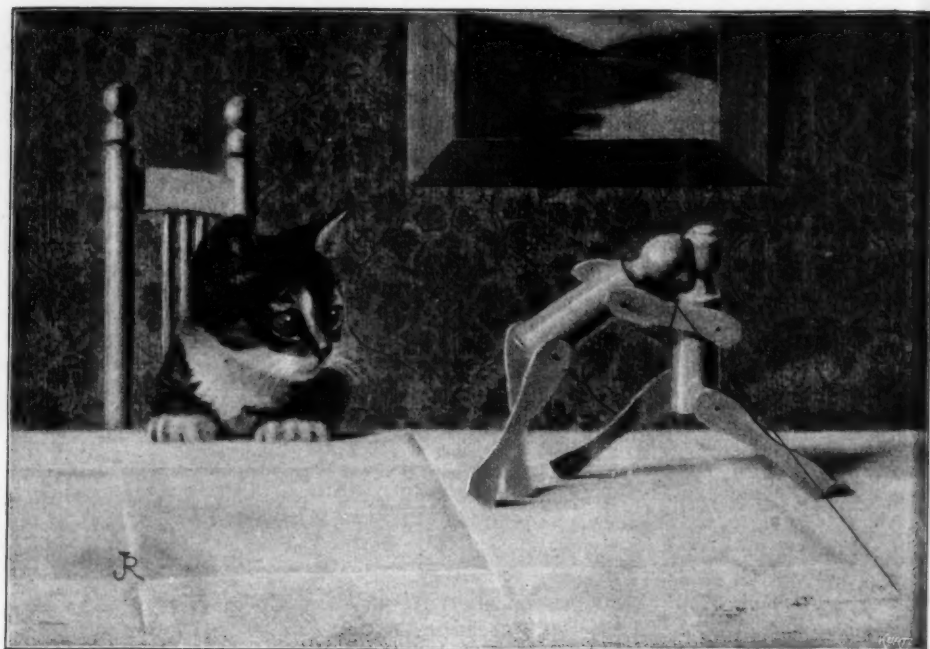
"But how is it, friend Coyote," said the Woodpecker politely, "that your colors are so bright at first, but very soon become black?"

"Oh, that is the beauty of our colors," replied the Coyote, smothering his rage, "that they are not always the same—like other people's—but turn all shades."

otes have done. Never in your life try to appear what you are not. Be just what you really are, and put on no false colors."

"Is that so?" cried the boys, as is customary at the end of a story.

"That is so; and it is as true for people as for beasts and birds. Now, *too kwai* [come]—we have talked long enough; it is bedtime."



THE REFEREE.

THE DICKEY BOY.

BY MARY E. WILKINS.

"I SHOULD think it was about time for him to be comin'," said Mrs. Rose.

"So should I," assented Miss Elvira Grayson. She peered around the corner of the front door. Her face was thin and anxious, and her voice was so like it that it was unmistakably her own note. One would as soon expect a crow to chick-a-dee as Miss Elvira to talk in any other way. She was tall, and there was a sort of dainty angularity about her narrow shoulders. She wore an old black silk, which was a great deal of dress for afternoon. She had considerable money in the bank and could afford to dress well. She wore also some white lace around her long neck, and it was fastened with

a handsome gold and jet brooch. She was knitting some blue worsted, and she sat back in the front entry, out of the draft. She considered herself rather delicate.

Mrs. Rose sat boldly out in the yard in the full range of the breeze, sewing upon a blue-and-white gingham waist for her son Willy. She was a large, pretty-faced woman in a stiffly starched purple muslin, which spread widely around her.

"He 's been gone 'most an hour," she went on; "I hope there 's nothin' happened."

"I wonder if there 's snakes in that meadow?" ruminated Miss Elvira.

"I don't know; I 'm gettin' ruther uneasy."

"I know one thing—I should n't let him go

off so, without somebody older with him, if he was my boy."

"Well, I don't know what I can do," returned Mrs. Rose uneasily. "There ain't anybody to go with him. I can't go diggin' sassafras-root, and you can't, and his uncle Hiram 's too busy, and grandfather is too stiff. And he is so crazy to go after sassafras-root, it does seem a pity to tell him he sha'n't. I never saw a child so possessed after the root and sassafras-tea, as he is, in my life. I s'pose it 's good for him. I hate to deny him when he takes so much comfort goin'. There he is now!"

Little Willy Rose crossed the road, and toiled up the stone steps. The front yard was terraced, and two flights of stone steps led up to the front door. He was quite breathless when he stood on the top step; his round, sweet face was pink, his fair hair plastered in flat locks to his wet forehead. His little trousers and his shoes were muddy, and he carried a great scraggy mass of sassafras-roots. "I see you a-settin' out here," he panted softly.

"You ought not to have stayed so long. We began to be worried about you," said his mother in a fond voice. "Now go and take your muddy shoes right off, and put on your slippers; then you can sit down at the back door and clean your sassafras, if you want to."

"I got lots," said Willy, smiling sweetly and wiping his forehead. "Look-a-there, Miss Elvira."

"So you did," returned Miss Elvira. "I suppose now you think you 'll have some sassafras-tea."

"Yes, ma'am."

"I guess I 'll steep him a little for supper, he 's so crazy for it," said Mrs. Rose when Willy had disappeared smilingly around the corner.

"Yes, I would. It 's real wholesome for him. Who 's that comin'?"

Mrs. Rose stared down at the road. A white horse with an open buggy was just turning into the driveway, around the south side of the terraces. "Why, it 's brother Hiram," said she, "and he 's got a boy with him. I wonder who 't is."

The buggy drew up with a grating noise in the driveway. Presently a man appeared around the corner. After him tagged a small

white-headed boy, and after the boy Willy Rose, with a sassafras-root and an old shoe-knife in his hands.

The man, who was Mr. Hiram Fairbanks, Mrs. Rose's brother, had a somewhat doubtful expression. When he stopped, the white-headed boy stopped, keeping a little behind him in his shadow.

"What boy is that, Hiram?" asked Mrs. Rose. Miss Elvira peered around the door. Mr. Fairbanks was tall and stiff-looking. He had a sunburned, sober face. "His name is Dickey," he replied.

"One of those Dickeys?" Mrs. Rose said "Dickeys" as if it were a synonym for "outcasts" or "rascals."

Mr. Fairbanks nodded. He glanced at the boy in his wake, then at Willy. "Willy, s'pose



THE DICKEY BOY.

you take this little boy 'round and show him your rabbits," he said in an embarrassed voice.

"Willy Rose!" cried his mother, "you have n't

changed those muddy shoes! Go right in this minute, 'round by the kitchen door, and take this boy 'round with you; he can sit down on the door-step and help you clean your sassafras-root."

Willy disappeared lingeringly around the house, and the other boy, on being further bidden by Mr. Fairbanks, followed him. "Willy," his mother cried after him, "mind you sit down on the door-step and tie your shoes! I ain't goin' to have that Dickey boy left alone; his folks are nothin' but a pack of thieves," she remarked in a lower tone. "What are you doing with him, Hiram?"

Hiram hesitated. "Well, 'Mandy, you was sayin' the other day that you wished you had a boy to run errands, and split up kindlin's, and be kind of company for Willy."

"You ain't brought that Dickey boy?"

"Now, look here, 'Mandy—"

"I ain't going to have him in the house."

"Jest look here a minute, 'Mandy, till I tell you how it happened, and then you can do jest as you 're a mind to about it. I was up by the Ruggles's this afternoon, and Mis' Ruggles, she come out to the gate, and hailed me. She wanted to know if I did n't want a boy. Seems the Dickey woman died last week; you know the father died two year ago. Well, there was six children, and the oldest boy 's skipped, nobody knows where, and the oldest girl has just got married, and this boy is the oldest of the four that 's left. They took the three little ones to the poorhouse, and Mis' Ruggles she took this boy in, and she wanted to keep him, but her own boy is big enough to do all the chores, and she did n't feel as if she could afford to. She says he 's a real nice little fellow, and his mother wa' n't a bad woman; she was jest kind of sickly and shiftless. I guess old Dickey wa' n't much, but he 's dead. Mis' Ruggles says this little chap hates awful to go to the poorhouse, and it ain't no kind of risk to take him, and she 'd ought to know. She 's lived right there next door to the Dickeys ever since she was married. I knew you wanted a boy to do chores round, long as Willy was n't strong enough, so I thought I 'd fetch him along. But you can do jest as you 're a mind to."

"Now, Hiram Fairbanks, you know the name those Dickeys have always had. S'pose I took that boy, and he stole?"

"Mis' Ruggles says she 'd trust him with anything."

"She ain't got so much as I have to lose. There I 've got two dozen solid silver teaspoons, and four table-spoons, and my mother's silver creamer, and Willy's silver napkin-ring. Elviry 's got her gold watch, too."

"I 've got other things I would n't lose for anything," chimed in Miss Elvira.

"Well, of course, I don't want you to lose anything," said Mr. Fairbanks helplessly, "but Mis' Ruggles, she said he was perfectly safe."

"I s'pose I could lock up the silver spoons and use the old pewter ones, and Elviry could keep her watch out of sight for a while," ruminated Mrs. Rose.

"Yes, I could," assented Miss Elvira, "and my breast-pin."

"I s'pose he could draw the water, and split up the kindlin'-wood, and weed the flower-garden," said Mrs. Rose. "I set Willy to weedin' this morning, and it gave him the headache. I tell you one thing, Hiram Fairbanks, if I do take this boy, you 've got to stand ready to take him back again the first minute I see anything out of the way with him."

"Yes, I will, 'Mandy; I promise you I will," said Mr. Fairbanks eagerly. He hurried out to the buggy, and fumbled under the seat; then he returned with a bundle and a small wooden box.

"Here 's his clothes. I guess he ain't got much," said he.

Mrs. Rose took the newspaper bundle; then she eyed the box suspiciously. It was a wooden salt-box, and the sliding cover was nailed on.

"What 's in this?" said she.

"Oh, I don't know," replied Mr. Fairbanks; "some truck or other—I guess it ain't worth much."

He put the box down on the bank, and trudged heavily and quickly out to the buggy. He was anxious to be off; he shook the reins, shouted "ge lang" to the white horse, and wheeled swiftly around the corner.

"I 'd like to know what 's in that box," said Mrs. Rose to Miss Elvira.

"I hope he ain't got an old pistol or anything of that kind in it," returned Miss Elvira. "Oh, 'Mandy, I would n't shake it, if I were you!" For Mrs. Rose was shaking the wooden box, and listening with her ear at it.

"Something rattles in it," said she, desisting; "I hope it ain't a pistol." Then she entered with the newspaper-bundle and the box, and went through the house with Miss Elvira following. She set the bundle and box on the kitchen table, and looked out of the door. There on the top step sat the Dickey boy cleaning the sassafras-roots with great industry, while Willy Rose sat on the lower one chewing some.

"I do believe he 's goin' to take right hold, Elviry," whispered Mrs. Rose.

"Well, maybe he is," returned Miss Elvira.

Mrs. Rose stowed away the boy's belongings in the little bedroom off the kitchen where she meant him to sleep; then she kindled the fire and got supper. She made sassafras-tea, and the new boy, sitting beside Willy, had a cup poured for him. But he did not drink much, nor eat much, although there were hot biscuits, and berries, and custards. He hung his forlorn head with its shock of white hair, and only gave fleeting glances at anything with his wild blue eyes. He was a thin boy, smaller than Willy, but he looked wiry and full of motion, like a wild rabbit.

After supper Mrs. Rose sent him for a pail of water; then he split up a little pile of kindling-wood. After that he sat down on the kitchen door-step in the soft twilight, and was silent.

Willy went into the sitting-room, where his mother and Miss Elvira were. "He 's settin' out there on the door-step, not speakin' a word," said he, in a confidential whisper.

"Well, you had better sit down here with us, and read your Sunday-school book," said his mother. She and Miss Elvira had agreed that it was wiser that Willy should not be too much with the Dickey boy until they knew him better.

When it was nine o'clock Mrs. Rose showed the Dickey boy his bedroom. She looked at

him sharply; his small pale face showed red stains in the lamplight. She thought to herself that he had been crying, and she spoke to him as kindly as she could—she had not a caressing manner with anybody but Willy. "I guess there 's clothes enough on the bed," said she. She looked curiously at the bundle and the wooden box. Then she unfastened the bundle. "I guess I 'll see what you 've got for clothes," said she, and her tone was as motherly as she could make it toward this out-cast Dickey boy. She laid out his pitiful little wardrobe, and examined the small ragged shirt or two and the fragmentary stockings. "I guess I shall have to buy you some things if you are a good boy," said she. "What have you got in that box?"—the boy hung his head—"I hope you ain't got a pistol?"

"No, marm."

"You ain't got any powder, nor anything of that kind?"

"No, marm." The boy was blushing confusedly.

"I hope you 're tellin' me the truth," Mrs. Rose said, and her tone was full of severe admonition.

"Yes, marm." The tears rolled down the boy's cheeks, and Mrs. Rose said no more. She told him she would call him in the morning, and to be careful about his lamp. Then she left him. The Dickey boy lay awake, and cried an hour; then he went to sleep, and slept as soundly as Willy Rose in his snug little bedroom, leading out of his mother's room. Miss Elvira and Mrs. Rose locked their doors that night, through distrust of that little boy downstairs who came of a thieving family. Miss Elvira put her gold watch, and her breast-pin, and her pocket-book with seventeen dollars in it, under the feather-bed; and Mrs. Rose carried the silver teaspoons up-stairs, and hid them under hers. The Dickey boy was not supposed to know they were in the house,—the pewter ones had been used for supper,—but that did not signify; she thought it best to be on the safe side. She kept the silver spoons under the feather-bed for many a day, and they all ate with the pewter ones, but finally suspicion was allayed if not destroyed. The Dickey boy had shown himself trustworthy in several instances.

Once he was sent on a test errand to the store, and came home promptly with the right change. The silver spoons glittered in the spoon-holder on the table, and Miss Elvira wore her gold watch and her gold breast-pin.

"I begin to take a good deal more stock in that boy," Mrs. Rose told her brother Hiram. "He ain't very lively, but he works real smart; he ain't saucy, and I ain't known of his layin' hands on a thing."

But the Dickey boy, although he had won some confidence and good opinions, was, as Mrs. Rose said, not very lively. His face, as he did his little tasks, was as sober and serious as an old man's. Everybody was kind to him, but this poor little alien felt like a chimney-sweep in a queen's palace. Mrs. Rose, to a Dickey boy, was almost as impressive as a queen. He watched with admiration and awe this handsome, energetic woman moving about the house in her wide skirts. He was overcome with the magnificence of Miss Elvira's afternoon silk, and gold watch; and dainty little Willy Rose seemed to him like a small prince. Either the Dickey boy, born in a republican country, had the original instincts of the peasantry in him, and himself defined his place so clearly that it made him unhappy, or his patrons did it for him. Mrs. Rose and Miss Elvira tried to treat him as well as they treated Willy. They dressed him in Willy's old clothes, they gave him just as much to eat; when autumn came, he was sent to school as warmly clad and as well provided with luncheon; but they could never forget that he was a Dickey boy. He seemed in truth to them like an animal of another species, in spite of all they could do, and they regarded his virtues in the light of uncertain tricks. Mrs. Rose never thought at any time of leaving him in the house alone without hiding the spoons, and Miss Elvira never left her gold watch unguarded.

Nobody knew whether the Dickey boy was aware of these lurking suspicions or not; he was so subdued that it was impossible to tell how much he observed. Nobody knew how homesick he was, but he went about every day full of fierce hunger for his miserable old home. Miserable as it had been, there had been in it a

certain element of shiftless ease and happiness. The Dickey boy's sickly mother had never chided him; she had not cared if he tracked mud into the house. How anxiously he scraped his feet before entering the Rose kitchen. The Dickey boy's dissipated father had been gentle and maudlin, but never violent. All the Dickey children had done as they chose, and they had agreed well. They were not a quarrelsome family. Their principal faults were idleness and a general laxity of morals which was quite removed from active wickedness. "All the Dickeys needed was to be bolstered up," one woman in the village said; and the Dickey boy was being bolstered up in the Rose family.

They called him Dickey, using his last name for his first, which was Willy. Mrs. Rose straightened herself unconsciously when she found that out. "We can't have two Willies in the family, anyhow," said she; "we'll have to call you Dickey."

Once the Dickey boy's married sister came to see him, and Mrs. Rose treated her with such stiff politeness that the girl, who was fair and pretty and gaudily dressed, told her husband when she got home that she would never go into *that* woman's house again. Occasionally Mrs. Rose, who felt a duty in the matter, took Dickey to visit his little brothers and sisters at the almshouse. She even bought some peppermint-candy for him to take them. He really had many a little extra kindness shown him; sometimes Miss Elvira gave him a penny, and once Mr. Hiram Fairbanks gave him a sweet-apple tree—that was really quite a magnificent gift. Mrs. Rose could hardly believe it when Willy told her. "Well, I must say I never thought Hiram would do such a thing as that, close as he is," said she. "I was terribly taken aback when he gave that tree to Willy, but this beats all. Why, odd years it might bring in twenty dollars!"

"Uncle Hiram gave it to him," Willy repeated. "I was a-showin' Dickey my apple-tree, and Uncle Hiram he picked out another one, and he give it to him."

"Well, I would n't have believed it," said Mrs. Rose.

Nobody else would have believed that Hiram Fairbanks, careful old bachelor that he was,

would have been so touched by the Dickey boy's innocent, wistful face staring up at the boughs of Willy's apple-tree. It was fall, and the apples had all been harvested. Dickey would get no practical benefit from his tree until next season, but there was no calculating the comfort he took with it from the minute it

between times. Sometimes of an evening he sat soberly down with Willy and played checkers, but Willy always won. "He don't try to beat," Willy said. Sometimes they had popcorn, and Dickey always shook the popper. Dickey said he was n't tired, if they asked him.

All winter the silver spoons appeared on the table, and Dickey was treated with a fair show of confidence. It was not until spring that the sleeping suspicion of him awoke. Then one day Mrs. Rose counted her silver spoons, and found only twenty-three teaspoons. She stood at her kitchen table, and counted them over and over. Then she opened the kitchen door. "Elviry!" she called out, "Elviry, come here a minute! Look here," she said in a hushed voice, when Miss Elvira's inquiring face had appeared at the door. Miss Elvira approached the table tremblingly.

"Count those spoons," said Mrs. Rose.

Miss Elvira's long slim fingers handled the jingling spoons. "There ain't but twenty-three," she said finally, in a scared voice.

"I expected it," said Mrs. Rose. "Do you s'pose he took it?"

"Who else took it, I'd like to know?"

It was a beautiful May morning; the apple-trees were all in blossom. The Dickey boy had stolen over to look at his. It was a round hill of pink-and-white bloom. It was the apple year. Willy came to the stone wall and called him. "Dickey," he cried, "Mother wants you"; and Dickey obeyed. Willy had run on ahead. He found Mrs. Rose, Miss Elvira, Willy, and the twenty-three teaspoons



"THE TEARS STREAMED DOWN HIS CHEEKS, BUT HE ONLY SHOOK HIS HEAD IN THAT MUTE DENIAL."

came into his possession. Every minute he could get, at first, he hurried off to the orchard and sat down under its boughs. He felt as if he were literally under his own roof-tree. In the winter, when it was heavy with snow, he did not forsake it. There would be a circle of little tracks around the trunk.

Mrs. Rose told her brother that the boy was perfectly crazy about that apple-tree, and Hiram grinned shamefacedly.

All winter Dickey went with Willy to the district school, and split wood and brought water

awaiting him in the kitchen. He shook his head to every question they asked him about the missing spoon. He turned quite pale; once in a while he whimpered; the tears streamed down his cheeks, but he only shook his head in that mute denial.

"It won't make it any easier for you, holding out this way," said Mrs. Rose, harshly. "Stop cryin' and go out and split up some kindlin'-wood."

Dickey went out, his little convulsed form bent almost double. Willy, staring at him with his great, wondering blue eyes, stood aside to let him pass. Then he also was sent on an errand, while his mother and Miss Elvira had a long consultation in the kitchen.

It was a half hour before Mrs. Rose went out to the shed where she had sent the Dickey boy to split kindlings. There lay a nice little pile of kindlings, but the boy had disappeared.

"Dickey, Dickey!" she called. But he did not come.

"I guess he 's gone, spoon and all," she told Miss Elvira when she went in; but she did not really think he had. When one came to think of it, he was really too small and timid a boy to run away with one silver spoon. It did not seem reasonable. What they did think, as time went on and he did not appear, was that he was hiding to escape a whipping. They searched everywhere. Miss Elvira stood in the shed by the wood-pile, calling in her thin voice, "Come out, Dickey; we won't whip you if you *did* take it," but there was not a stir.

Toward night they grew uneasy. Mr. Fairbanks came, and they talked matters over.

"Maybe he did n't take the spoon," said Mr. Fairbanks uncomfortably. "Anyhow, he 's too young a chap to be set adrift this way. I wish you 'd let me talk to him, 'Mandy."

"You," said Mrs. Rose. Then she started up. "I know one thing," said she; "I 'm goin' to see what 's in that wooden box. I



"THERE, AMONG THE BLOSSOMING BRANCHES, CLUNG THE DICKEY BOY."

don't believe but what that spoon 's in there. There 's no knowin' how long it 's been gone."

It was quite a while before Mrs. Rose returned with the wooden box. She had to search for it, and found it under the bed. The Dickey boy also had hidden his treasures.

She got the hammer and Hiram pried off the lid, which was quite securely nailed. "I 'd ought to have had it opened before," said she. "He had n't no business to have a nailed-up box round. Don't joggle it so, Hiram. There 's no knowin' what 's in it. There may be a pistol."

Miss Elvira stood farther off. Mr. Fairbanks took the lid entirely off. They all peered into the box. There lay an old clay pipe and a roll of faded calico. Mr. Fairbanks took up the roll and shook it out. "It 's an apron," said he. "It 's his father's pipe, and his mother's apron—I—swan!"

Miss Elvira began to cry. "I had n't any idea of anything of that kind," said Mrs. Rose huskily. "Willy Rose, what *have* you got there?"

For Willy, looking quite pale and guilty, was coming in, holding a muddy silver teaspoon. "Where did you get that spoon? Answer me this minute," cried his mother.

"I—took it out to—dig in my garden with the—other day. I—forgot—"

"Oh, you naughty boy!" cried his mother. Then she too began to weep. Mr. Fairbanks started up. "Something 's got to be done," said he. "The wind 's changed, and the May storm is comin' on. That boy has got to be found before night."

But all Mr. Fairbanks's efforts, and the neighbors' who came to his assistance, could not find the Dickey boy before night or before the next morning. The long cold May storm began, the flowering apple-trees bent under it, and the wind drove the rain against the windows. Mrs. Rose and Miss Elvira kept the kitchen fire all

night, and hot water and blankets ready. But the day had fairly dawned before they found the Dickey boy, and then only by the merest chance. Mr. Fairbanks, hurrying across his orchard for a short cut, and passing Dickey's tree, happened to glance up at it, with a sharp pang of memory. He stopped short. There, among the blossoming branches, clung the Dickey boy, like a little drenched, storm-beaten bird. He had flown to his one solitary possession for a refuge. He was almost exhausted; his little hands grasped a branch like steel claws. Mr. Fairbanks took him down and carried him home. "He was up in his tree," he told his sister brokenly, when he entered the kitchen. "He's 'most gone."

But the Dickey boy revived after he had lain awhile before a fire and been rolled in hot blankets and swallowed some hot drink. He looked with a wondering smile at Mrs. Rose when she bent over him and kissed him just as she kissed Willy. Miss Elvira loosened her gold watch with its splendid long gold chain and put it in his hand. "There, hold it awhile," said she, "and listen to it tick." Mr. Fairbanks fumbled in his pocket-book and drew out a great silver dollar. "There," said he, "you can have that to spend when you get well."

Willy pulled his mother's skirt. "Mother," he whispered.

"What say?"

"Can't I pop some corn for him?"

"By and by." Mrs. Rose smoothed the Dickey boy's hair; then she bent down and kissed him again. She had fairly made room for him in her stanch, narrow New England heart.



TO THE SUMMIT OF PIKE'S PEAK BY RAIL.

BY LUCIE A. FERGUSON.

IN the first decade of this century, Major Zebulon Pike gazed from afar at the grim slopes of the mountain named in his honor, and doubted if human foot would ever tread its summit; nor did he express this doubt lightly, as might one who had not made the endeavor, but as one who had put forth his best efforts and had been baffled at every turn by frowning steepes, chilling blasts, and fast-falling snow.

Having reached the height of a much lower peak, now known as Cheyenne Mountain, he decided that further efforts would be but to incur an unnecessary risk for his small band of men, and therefore retraced his steps to the valley.

Forty years or more passed by, and the mighty monarch yet reared aloft its proud head in seeming defiance of human touch, when another venturesome traveler contemplated the ascent of the mountain, and an exploration of the magnificent cañons opening in every direction from his camping ground. He had pitched his tent in a nook of surpassing beauty, wherein were situated numerous health-giving springs, a place where the Indians were accustomed to bring their sick that the "Manitou," the Great Spirit, might heal them by these life-renewing waters.

Then a band of hostile Indians appeared in large numbers, and he who might have blazed a trail to those lonely heights was forced to make haste in his departure, and to "stand not on the order of his going."

But the magic word "gold" had set in motion many an emigrant wagon, and the lonely plains were soon marked by an almost continuous train, in one case, at least, bearing in visible letters on canvas, and in all, bearing in equally clear characters on the brows of the occupants, "Pike's Peak or bust!" Some perished by the way; many reached the goal; but to each and all the grand old peak, now shrouded in clouds,

now gleaming in the sunlight, stood a landmark for miles on miles of toilsome journeying.

Not all of those who reached the goal were rewarded by the sight of the yellow metal; but wealth is not counted wholly by nuggets, and many who failed in their search for gold found that which money cannot buy. The "Great Spirit" had not withdrawn his healing touch from the waters, though his dusky children no longer came to drink of them, and ere long the fame of sparkling springs and invigorating air was calling hundreds to the famous mountain who otherwise might never have seen it.

Once at its base, there was an irresistible desire to climb its slopes, and soon a few intrepid spirits explored a rough and dangerous path that led almost to the top. But the way was very long and full of peril, so that only the hardiest could travel it.

After the completion of the transcontinental railroad, tourists and settlers poured into the country, transforming hamlets into cities, and this former Indian camp into a famous watering-place. Then a demand for amusement and adventure on the part of those whose time hung heavy on their hands in crowded hotel or cozy cottage led to the construction of a well-defined and not too hazardous path to the very summit of the mountain. Even then the trip was no child's play, and never was attempted without due deliberation and careful forethought as to the powers of endurance possessed by each member of a party.

In time, the sure-footed burro became the all-important factor in a Pike's Peak journey, but that patient beast, with a size so comically disproportioned to his endurance, was destined to be ridiculed and berated by those whom he had faithfully served. He was too slow or too stubborn; the trip on his back was as hard as if taken afoot; the trail was steep, even to



ON THE WAY TO THE SUMMIT.



IN THE OLD DAYS. "PIKE'S PEAK OR BUST!"

causing dizziness, and the more timid climbers preferred walking to riding; and altogether it was evident that the beast of the long ears must soon be retired to his much beloved obscurity.

Indomitable pluck has been and will ever be an American characteristic. That which but a few years before would have been considered an impossibility became in 1889 an accomplished fact. There was a carriage road in place of the narrow rail. To be sure, it zig-zagged and it twisted, it swept round dangerous curves and it crept up steep inclines, but it brought the traveler to his goal, even though a whole day, and sometimes two and three days, were occupied in the task.

Wonderful as it was, the era of the carriage-road was destined to be the shortest in the history of this historic mountain.

A party of capitalists, having for some time foreseen the value of a railroad at this particular spot, had decided to build one.

Other mountains, not so high, had been

climbed on railroad trains; why might not this one? The very boldness of the scheme brought adherents; soon a company was formed and work commenced. Unexpected difficulties, animate and inanimate, presented themselves on every hand. The surveying and grading of such a road were dangerous beyond conception, and as one difficulty after another was met and overcome only to be immediately succeeded by others more perplexing, it is no wonder that the promoters of the road sometimes wondered if it would ever be completed.

In addition to all other trials, and more trying than any, was the trouble of keeping men at work at that altitude. Fresh causes for dissatisfaction seemed to arise each day, and strikes were constantly impending. At length the preliminary work was completed, after nearly a year of diligent toil. The laying of the track and finishing strokes, while being matters of extreme nicety and great care, were nevertheless accomplished with fewer delays and less annoyance, so that the 20th of October, 1890, saw the driv-

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ing of the customary "golden spike"; and soon after the Pike's Peak Railroad was finished!

Winter had come again to the hoary mountain, and all thought of carrying tourists to its summit was postponed till the following summer.

Could Zebulon Pike have looked upon that peak in the *last* decade of the nineteenth century he might have seen on the 30th day of June, 1891, a trail of smoke that told of the exertions of a cog-wheel engine propelling, ant-like, its car-load of passengers. Early that morning an unusually eager party of pleasure-seekers had boarded a luxurious train at Denver, had been whirled over the populous plains, across the steep "divide," down again into the fertile valley, and after one change of cars had been deposited at an attractive little station in the very shadow of Pike's Peak. There they expected to be taken immediately by the mountain railroad and landed at the old signal-station on the very tip-top, in good time for a one-o'clock luncheon! But a slight disappointment awaited them, delaying them several hours at Manitou. A boulder had fallen so as to block the track.

Then came an inspection of the road, engine, and coaches. The system employed is that known as the Abt; the road is of standard gage, and differs from ordinary roads in that continuous rack-rails pass midway between the outer rails, and upon this middle rail runs a cogwheel attached to the locomotive. The rack-rails, two in number, are set less than two inches apart, and are made of the best steel, cut from the solid piece by machines especially constructed for the purpose. They are firmly set in the heaviest of timbers, and are so arranged as to break the jointings—that is, so that joinings of rails will not come directly opposite one another.

To make assurance doubly sure, and to prevent any moving of the track, through variations of temperature or the great weight of the rails,

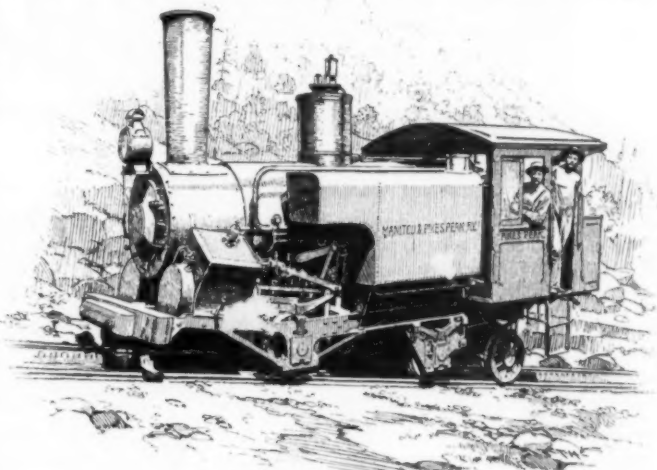
anchor-plates have been imbedded in the solid rock, or sunk securely into the well ballasted roadbed. A system of cogwheels placed under the locomotive, and also under the coaches, gears with the rack-rails and gives a "purchase" in climbing, and a security in descending.

The saucy little tip-tilted engine is constructed in such a manner that the engineer's cab may stand level at the average grade. The seats in the coaches are also made movable and remain level, being self-adjusting to the slopes.

After having had time to fully examine every detail about this novel railroad, the travelers were glad to hear that the boulder had been removed by a charge of giant-powder, and that the track repairs would probably be completed by the time the party should arrive there.

With eagerness increased by the delay, and the fear that perhaps the trip could not be accomplished, the car, seating fifty people, was filled in a twinkling; the little engine puffed and snorted; the passengers gave a joyous hurrah, and the first train to reach the top of Pike's Peak had started.

From the beginning the way was so steep that not a few wondered at their hardihood in attempting the journey; but as the steepest



"THE LITTLE TIP-TILTED ENGINE."

grade was overcome almost at the outset, and as the wondrous landscape unfolded itself, there was no room for other feelings than reverential awe for the natural surroundings and

admiration of the enterprise that had constructed that truly marvelous road.

Up we went, between frowning cliffs or along dizzy slopes, past laughing cascades or foaming torrents, till the Half-way House was reached. There a stop was made, and the passengers saw a rustic home almost hidden by trees and sheltered by towering mountains. This was the house that was of so much importance in the days of burro climbing, for here the real hardship of the trip began, and here after the long return journey was over, the weary excur-

der. Everywhere nature was grand beyond description, and the glimpses of the plain were given as if to say, "Behold how fair a land thou dwellest in!"

At the end of an hour the trees began to be stunted, with most of their limbs growing on the lower side; flowers and ferns became less and less frequent; mosses and lichens on the rocks were more and more noticeable.

At length we were above timber-line and had come almost to the place where the track had been wrecked. Here and there among the



THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

sionists were glad to rest before returning to Manitou.

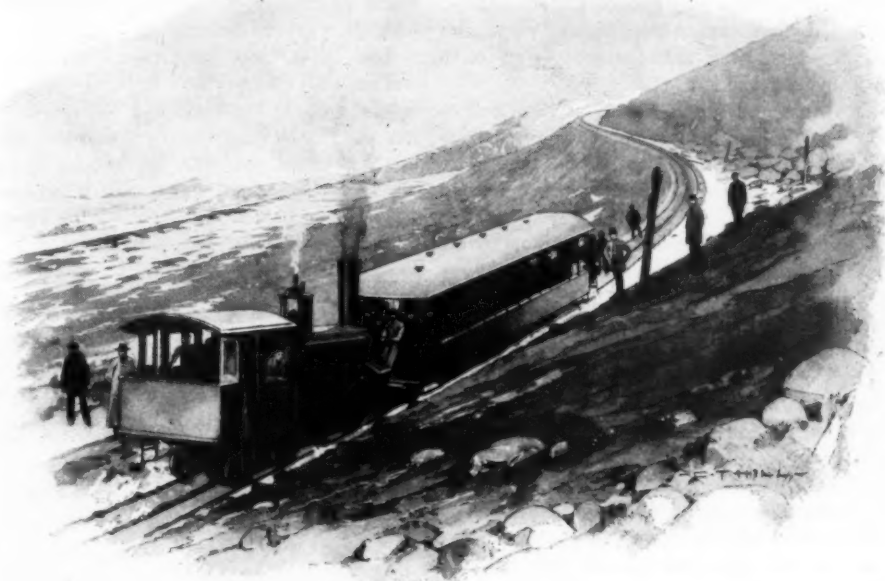
As the train made its slow ascent, there were at times such bewitching glimpses of the low-lying valley as almost took the breath of beholders. By a curious refraction of the air, the valley seemed on a level with the great height we had attained; and, looking first at the rocky cañon, then at the smiling valley, it seemed for an instant as if the heavens were opened and a new earth was let down to our sight.

How can I describe the scenes we passed through? Old mountain-climbers were speechless before them; novices were filled with won-

der. Everywhere nature was grand beyond description, and the glimpses of the plain were given as if to say, "Behold how fair a land thou dwellest in!"

Colder and colder grew the air, and every wrap was close-buttoned, every window closed. Before the windows were shut, a few of us had enjoyed the novelty of scraping snow from the banks piled on each side of the track by the laborers who had shoveled it out a few days before.

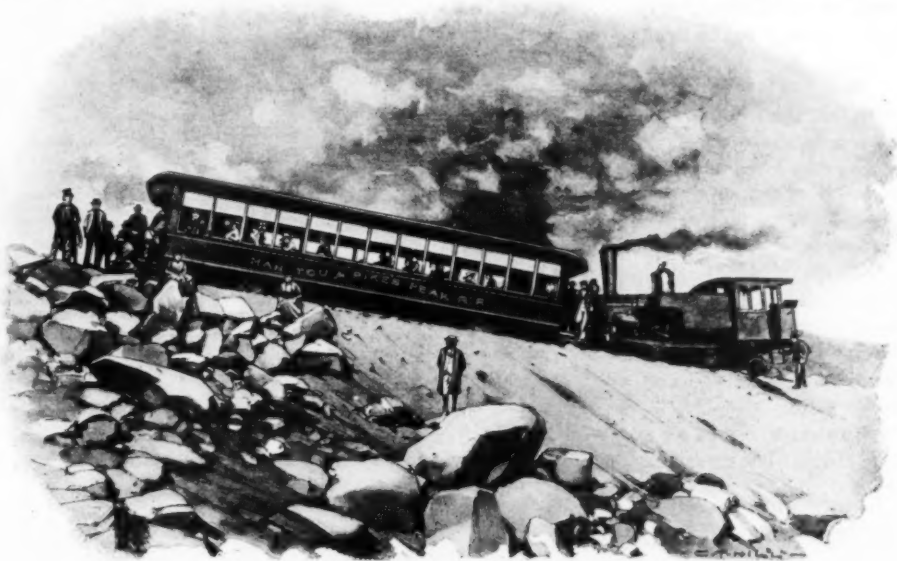
When we reached the broken track we found



NEARING THE TOP.

it was not repaired; but the conductor assured us that if we would but be patient we should reach the top "if it took all night!"

Who would not be patient with such grandeur spread out to the view? Far away the beautiful *Sangre de Cristo* range lifted its snowy peaks



WHERE THE DELAY OCCURED.

in the sunlit air; green foothills in billowy verdure rolled between; seven glittering lakes revealed themselves to our delighted vision, and the frowning peak above looked down at us with awful grandeur.

An hour and a half was spent here, and to the few who became restless the conductor explained that the break must be accurately repaired, or (impressively) the train would jump the track!

The rarefied air prevented long effort by the willing workmen, he said, but we should soon be on our way.

"All aboard!" rang out, the engine gathered itself for a mighty effort, and again we were going upward. Slowly we crept over the freshly made track, and gained the upper side amid hearty rousing cheers from workers and passengers.

A steady climb, a curve, and — joy of joys! — we were at the summit. A cold wind greeted us as we left the coach, and we gladly crowded into the old signal-station, now used only as a hostelry for those caring to remain over night on the mountain.

Standing in that room heated by an enormous stove, with outer doors closed and double-sash windows shut tight on that 30th day of June, we could not but wonder how bitter cold it would be were the month December instead of June!

The house is of stone, and seems a part of the mountain itself rather than a house built with human hands.

The whole top of the peak is as if a deluge of boulders, shattering as they fell, had poured down upon the mountain's hoary head. Granite and snow are everywhere, and mother earth under all, hidden from sight.

And the stillness of the spot! — no sound of bird or insect or ceaseless toil of man; silence primeval, oppressive, absolute, such as reigned here before man was and will reign when he is no more.

With almost a start we were recalled to everyday affairs. The enterprising photographer was

ready to "snap" this historic party, and we were urged to arrange ourselves artistically, and to look pleasant becomingly.

The picture was taken, the train boarded, and soon the visit to Pike's Peak was only a delightful memory. Owing to the delays, Denver was not reached until 11.15 that night, fifteen hours after the departure in the morning, but what pioneer would ever have believed the ascent could be accomplished in a few hours?

Is it any wonder that next morning as we looked to the south and saw the mighty peak towering above all others, we felt a new reverence for it and an interest that amounted almost to ownership?

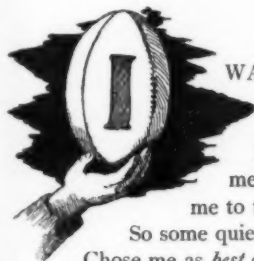


"NOW WE CAN REST."



AFTER THE GAME.

BY BENJAMIN WEBSTER.



WAS "regulation size"
To the sporting-
dealer's eyes;
He strongly recom-
mended me, and praised
me to the skies.

So some quiet-looking men
Chose me as *best* of ten.

They handled me most tenderly and said I was
a "prize"!

But on Thanksgiving Day
Their kindness passed away.

They took me to some kind of game. Im-
agine my dismay

When I was taken out

'Mid a crowd ranged all about,

And a tyrant in an ulster invited us to "Play!"

I did n't care to stay;

But was not asked to say.

They seemed to think I wished to be the center
of the fray.

They kicked me everywhere,

They struggled in despair,

They fell upon me, "punted" me, and drove me
far away.

They cried out "Down!" or "Held!"

They "dropped on" me and yelled,

Till I feared my vital breath would be forcibly
expelled!

They "drop-kicked" me "for goal,"

And over me would roll,

As if I were a hard-boiled egg, refusing to be
shelled.

When they were through with me

I was a sight to see!

Begrimed and scratched on every side, they
bore me home in glee.

Hung up in silken fetters,

I was marked in gilded letters,

"CHAMPIONS OF NINETY-ONE,"—whatever
that may be.

It's not that I complain;

But if you can explain

The reasons for maltreating me, 't would ease a
puzzled brain.

I come from over seas,

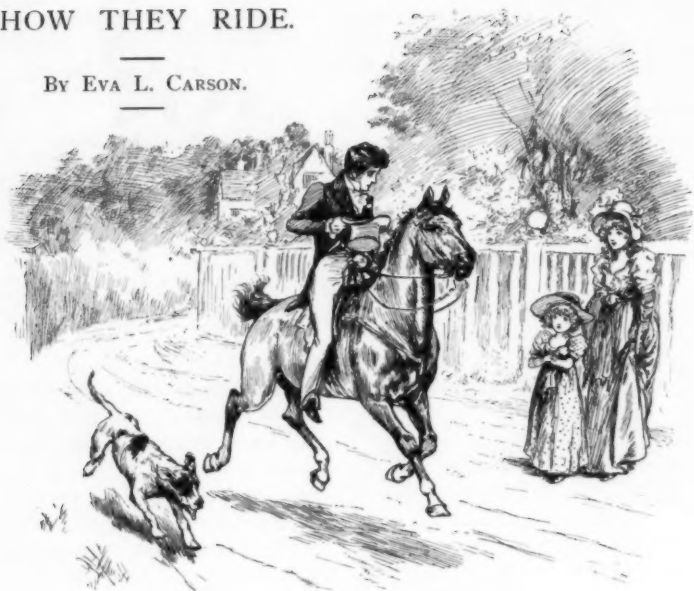
And will ask you, if you please,

The reason for subjecting me to such a fearful
strain!

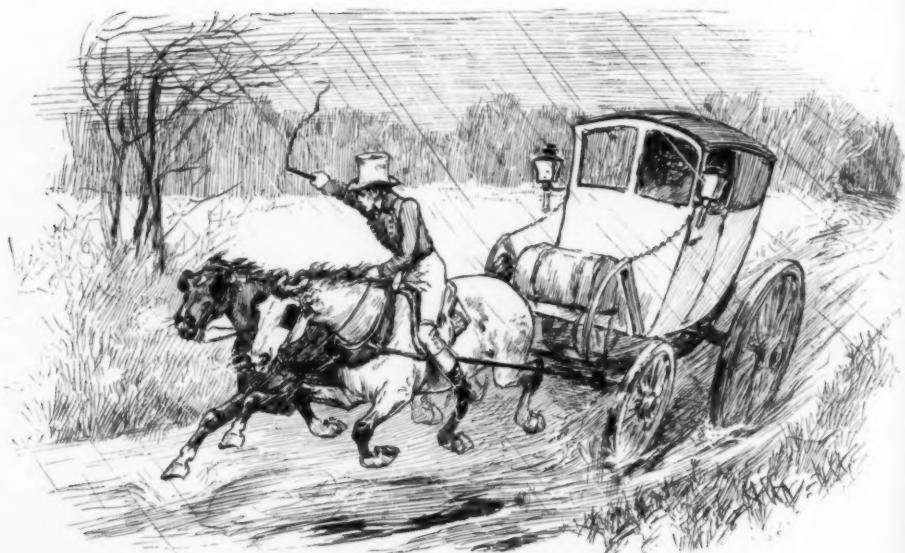


HOW THEY RIDE.

BY EVA L. CARSON.



BRAVELY comes the gentleman,
Trotting nimbly as he can ;
Lifts his hat to Meg and Dot
As he passes—trot, trot, trot.



Now the postboy follows fast,
Gallop, gallop—ah, he's past,
Spares not spur, but shakes the rein,
Gallops on with might and main.

Next there comes the country boy,
Many a jump, and hobbledy-hoy.
Bumpety-bump!—if he fall down,
Ten to one he cracks his crown!

This is the way the ladies ride,
Gently pacing, side by side,
Backward and forward, to and fro,
See, my darling, how they go.

Pace, and gallop, and trot, my dear,
So they've traveled for many a year;
But none of them all can happier be
Than Goldilocks on her father's knee



RUSSIAN CHILDREN IN THE URAL MOUNTAINS.

BY DAVID KER.

TRAVELERS who have crossed over into Asia by way of Eastern Russia will have passed through a broken, hilly tract of country, rising finally into the steep, rocky range which is marked on the maps as the Ural Mountains. They are not very mountainous, to be sure, the highest point being only about five thousand feet; but if you try to cross them in a heavy wagon you will find them quite steep enough.

The first thing you see of them, as you come from the west, is a succession of bare, stony uplands, separated here and there by a deep gully, through which a tiny stream, almost dried by the heat of summer, goes chafing and foaming among the gravel. Then come rolling waves of steep grassy hills, growing higher and higher with every mile, and at last appear the genuine "*Uralskiya Gori*," with their black, frowning rocks and headlong torrents, deep, narrow valleys, clustering trees perched upon overhanging cliffs, and great masses of dark mountain rising up on both sides as if to bury the road and all who may venture upon it.

In some places the hills are so steep that you have to get out and walk, while your horses pick their way up and down as gingerly as a man walking on a tight-rope; and, perhaps, in another half-hour or so, you find yourself splashing through a stream that flows directly across the road. Altogether, it is hardly the sort of country that many people would care to live in; yet plenty of people do live in it, and think themselves fortunate, too. Every now and then, in traversing all these ups and downs, you come suddenly upon a little patch of level turf, on which some fifty or sixty log huts cluster around a tall, green church-tower, as chickens gather under the wings of the mother-hen; and if you look among them, you will soon notice one bigger than the rest, with

door-posts striped black and white like barbers' poles. This is the post-house, where you will have to change horses before going on again.

There are people enough to be seen here, and a very picturesque set they are. Big, yellow-haired men, in high boots, wearing red calico shirts outside their other clothes; hulking lads, hot and dusty from their work in the fields, laughing and playing tricks upon each other like so many school-boys; sunburned women, with crimson scarfs wound turban-fashion around their hard, wooden faces, and barefooted girls, carrying home their two pails of water upon a curved yoke, which, instead of crossing both shoulders, is balanced upon one, so that one pail hangs in front and the other is behind her.

And as for the children — why, the whole place seems peopled with them! You can scarcely stir without running against some little brown-faced, round-eyed figure, with no cap but its own matted hair, and, indeed, little clothing of any kind except a light shirt or pinafore. In these warm, bright summer days, the whole hillside is their playground, and a jolly life they have of it. Sometimes they are out all day in the woods, gathering firewood or picking mushrooms, their dinner being eaten upon the smooth turf, under the shade of some spreading tree. Then, too, there are always plenty of horses to be taken down to the water, and it is fun for the boys to ride them bare-backed down the steep slopes, and to go splashing about in the stream, laughing and shouting to each other till the lonely hillside is as lively and noisy as any nursery. And to see the horses themselves prance, and shake their manes, and toss their heads about, and splash up the water, you would think that they enjoyed the sport quite as much as did the little riders.

Besides, there is no lack of games for the chil-

dren to play. They have quite as many as other children. There is "Wolf and Lamb," which resembles your hide-and-seek; and there is a game something like nine-pins, but played with long pieces of bone. Then there is "*Tisha-sovoi*" (sentinel), which is played by setting one boy to walk up and down a line traced on the ground, while the rest try to leap over it without being caught. Sometimes the sentinel is blindfolded, and then every one who crosses the line has to warn him by first giving a shout.

Then, too, as the highroad passes right through these mountains, there are always plenty of wagons and post-cars going backward and forward, during the fine summer weather. It is not unusual for the little people to run after them and to beg a ride, and very seldom indeed do they meet with a refusal. I remember, a few years ago, as I was crossing these very mountains to join the Russian soldiers who were setting out to march over the great desert beyond, a little dot of a girl, whose mother lived a mile or so out of the village through which I was passing, came toddling up to the side of my wagon, and holding up her little brown arms to me, cried out, "*Yekhat, yekhat!* (Ride, ride!)" So I took her up beside me, and gave her a ride as far as her mother's door; and by the way she clapped her hands and shouted on the way, I should say she enjoyed her ride very much.

But everything is very different when the terrible Russian frost sets in, and hill and valley alike become one great sheet of white. Very bare and dreary do these green, sunny slopes look in the winter months, with a few leafless trees standing gauntly up through the drifts, and the fierce, cold wind howling down the passes, driving great showers of snow along with it. No more light clothing, no more bare heads then. Every one, whether a child or grown-up, is muffled in a great thick sheepskin frock reaching down to the feet, with a big collar turning up all round the face, till you can hardly see who it is.

But the little Russians are not afraid of the cold, and have amusements in winter as well as in summer. When the sun is bright, and there is no snow falling, they can go out upon the

hills with their sleds—for they have sleds there, of course, and these little mountain-people are quite as fond of them, and as clever in managing them, as any children in the world. Famous sliding do they have down these great slopes, and fine rosy faces do they win by it, and wonderful appetites do they carry home with them to their suppers of brown bread and *kasha* (buckwheat porridge mixed with butter), after the fun is over.

And in the stormy evenings, when the grim northeast wind comes howling over the wild, lonely mountains, bringing with it all the cold of the frozen wastes of Siberia, when the great flakes are falling so thick and fast that no one can see an inch beyond the window, and far up among the hills you can hear at times the crash of a tree breaking down under the weight of the snow,—then is the time for the little folks to cuddle around the warm stove, and to roast chestnuts in the embers, and for the older boys to make baskets or twist ropes, and for the bigger girls to plait straw mats. And then their old grandmother, sitting at her spinning, on a stool in the warmest corner, with a red handkerchief around her dark, wrinkled old face, which looks just like an oak-carving, will tell them some quaint old fairy tale or some story out of Russian history—perhaps about Ivan Veliki, who beat the Tatars, or Peter the Great, who built St. Petersburg, or the brave men who burned their great city of Moscow to drive away Napoleon.

Sometimes the children take *their* turn, and sing a funny little song about the "white geese," as they call the snowflakes:

Daddy, daddy Winter,
Let your white geese fly;
Send the wind to drive them
All across the sky!

Bend the tossing pine-trees,
Make the hard earth split—
Snag around the fireside
We don't fear a bit!

And I don't suppose they do; for in spite of their wild country and their rough climate, these little Russians are a very merry race indeed.

THE NEW STORY OF THE APPLE PIE.

THAT
WONDERFUL,
BEAUTIFUL,
PEERLESS,



TEMPTING, ELEGANT
APPLE PIE.

BY
E. T. CORBETT.



M

1
Made the Pie, one Monday Morning,
plenty of Apples in nice thin slices —
Plenty of sugar, and various spices —
Near little scallops the edge adorning —
Oh, my! Oh, my!
She Made that wonderful Apple Pie!



H

2
Was Helping Her — in-and-out
Of kitchen and pantry she Hastily ran;
Brought the rolling-pin, board and pan;
Picked up the apples that tumbled about.
Oh, my! Oh, my!
One always needs Help with an Apple pie!



B

3
Built a Big fire — the oven was hot —
She watched the Baking; once in a while
She peeped at the Pie, and it made her smile
To see on the top a little Brown spot —
Oh, my! Oh, my!
That was a Beautiful Apple pie!



D

4
Said it was Done and Drew it out—
Out of the oven, most carefully;
"A prettier Pie you never will see!"
So she Declared, with a joyful shout:
Oh, my! Oh, my!
A Delicious, Delicate Apple Pie!



P

5
Praised it and then on the Pantry shelf
She Put it to cool. She said "It's nice.
"It's full of apples and sugar and spice."
"I'd like a piece," she said to herself."
Oh, my! Oh, my!
A piece of that Precious Apple Pie!



R

6
Ran to the garden to tell the others.
The boys were playing a game of ball,
They threw down their bats when they heard it all
And Raced to the house crying—"Come on brothers!"
Oh, my! Oh, my!
They wanted to see that Remarkable Pie!



C

7
Came first and he Coaxed and Cried.
But the girls all answered him—"No, No, No!"
You Can't have any, you'd better go!
That Apple Pie is our Joy and Pride!"
Oh, my! Oh, my!
What! Cut such a Charming Apple Pie!



E

8
Entered next, and he Eyed it all round,
But E was short and the shelf was high;
He only got a mere Peep at the Pie—
And so with Envy he scowled and frowned,
Oh, my! Oh, my!
He scowled at that Elegant Apple Pie



W

9
Whined that was Worst of all,
"I Want it!"—Now Wasn't that a shame?
G. (I don't like to tell you his name)
Grabbed for the Pie and Got a bad fall—
Oh, my! Oh, my!
He was Greedy about that Apple Pie!



STOLON

10

Said! - "We'll Steal it." Oh, naughty boys!
 J. Joined at once in the wicked plot -
 T Took it down, it was Still quite hot -
 And Tip-Toed away, without any noise.
 Oh my! Oh my!
 So they Stole that Superior Apple Pie!

11

Locked it up in his closet, next, -
 But I Inquired of every one! -
 "Have you an Idea where our Pie has gone?"
 And all the girls were Indignant and vexed.
 Oh my! Oh my!
 Had they Lost that Loveliest Apple Pie?

12

Undertook to Unearth it at once.
 Q. Quickly said - "We'll join in the Quest!"
 K. took the Keys, and followed the rest,
 But didn't Know where to find it, the dunces!
 Oh my! Oh my!
 How they sorrowed and searched for that Apple Pie!

13

Overlooked it, but then she was Old,
 And she wouldn't Own how short was her sight -
 F. Finally Found it and danced with delight,
 As she Flung the door open the Pie to behold.
 Oh my! Oh my!
 That Famous, Fabulous Apple Pie!

14

Waked from her Nap on hearing the Noise.
 Into the closet she Naughtily ran,
 And to Nibble a bit of the crust began -
 But the girls all scolded and so did the boys.
 Oh my! Oh my!
 She Nibbled that peerless Apple Pie!

15

Voted to have it for dinner that day -
 A. Answered for All: - "To that we Agree!"
 She Arranged the Table with joy and glee;
 "We'll EAT our pie - that's the wisest way!"
 Oh my! Oh my!
 They were going to eat that Astonishing Pie!



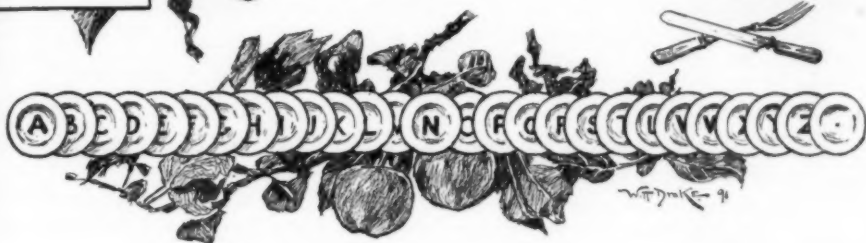
X

16
brought in Xtra plates for the Pie
Said she: "I Xpect we'll need them all."
Z. Zealously wiped them, and let one fall.
So they called her a Zony, and made her cry.
Oh my! Oh my!
They began to cut it, that Xcellent Pie



Y

17
Was the Youngest—just two Years old—
They brought his high chair and fastened him in,
Tied a napkin under his chin,
Gave him a bit of crust to hold—
Oh my! Oh my!
They left not a crumb of that Apple Pie!





BY MARJORIE RICHARDSON.

You see, Uncle Jack started it by calling Launce and me Knights of the Round Table. We were just getting over a severe fever and had come to the part where it's so stupid—you feel too well to stay in bed and you don't feel well enough to go down-stairs. The only thing we could get any fun out of was eating, and we spent so much time sitting at the little light stand in Launce's room, that Uncle Jack began to call us "The Knights of the Round Table."

He used to tell us long stories every evening about King Arthur's court. They were prime stories, too. We both wished we had lived in those days, and had had a chance at slaying the king's enemies, and smashing down the castle walls. We told Uncle Jack so the night before he went away, and he said there was no reason why we could n't be knights now just as well as then.

"Here's Launcelot, already," he said; "and Jim can be Sir Galahad."

"Then you shall be our King Arthur," said Launce, "and while you're away we'll try to win honors for you."

"You should win honors for some fair maiden," said Uncle Jack, laughing. "There's Susan Briggs, for instance—it would n't hurt you to practise a little chivalry toward her."

Launce looked rather sober, though I don't

see why he should, for he never teased Susan as I did.

She lived near us, and when we told her about our being Knights of the Round Table she thought it was great fun, and said she wanted to come into the game, too. So she read up some of the stories, and one day she came over with a curtain-cord around her waist for a girdle, and her hair down her back, and said she had decided to be Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat.

I hollered. I could n't help it. The idea of Susan Briggs with her carrot hair and freckles being the Lily Maid nearly finished me. She grew very red when I laughed, but she did n't say anything. She only kept her eyes fixed anxiously on Launce, and waited for him to speak. He looked away from her, but I saw the corners of his mouth twitch before he answered. Then he said:

"All right, Susan, there's no reason why you should n't be the Lily Maid if you want to, though I don't care for that sort of rubbish myself."

"But, Launce," she cried, "it is n't rubbish. Some parts of it are splendid—that place where she died and they floated her down the river to the queen's court, in a barge all fitted up with cloth-of-gold and lilies and—things."

"Lots of fun she must have had out of it if

she was dead," said I. "They might just as well have sent her down in a scow, so far as she knew."

"You see, the knights always had to have some fair damsel to fight for," she continued, without paying any attention to me.

"Stuff!" said I crossly. "Let them fight for their king. What's the use of having girls in it, anyway?"

"Why not?" said Susan, flashing round at me. "Can't a girl be brave and loyal as well as a boy?"

"Of course she can," said Launce hastily, scowling at me. "I'll be your knight, and I'll wear your colors in the fray, fair Elaine."

"What are they?—red?" said I, and Susan went home mad.

After she had gone, Launce told me he thought it was mean to laugh at her. She was homely, of course, but she might outgrow it in time. I said she'd better wait till she did, before she called herself Elaine; but I felt ashamed of myself, and was careful after that to call her the Lily Maid.

Well, we had a splendid time that summer. We used to have tournaments in the big field on the other side of the river. The Lily Maid had an old white horse which she called her "palfrey," and when we borrowed it for our jousts we called it the "fiery steed." We used to draw lots to see which two of us should ride to the meadow, for it was a long way from the house.

The day before we expected Uncle Jack home, we were going up to the field to practise for a grand tourney, and that time the Lily Maid and I drew the longest lots and started ahead on the steed. When we reached the field, we sat down under a big tree and waited for Launce; but he did n't come.

"I would that the valiant Sir Launcelot would brace up," said I, after a while, "for yonder sable cloud forbodes a rattling old thunder-storm."

"I would he would," said the Lily Maid, beginning to fidget. She hated thunder-storms.

I climbed a tree to see if Launce were coming, but he was n't in sight.

"I trow our brave knight did n't try to cut across lots where Farmer Hale's red bull is," called up the Lily Maid.

"Cracky! I trow not too," said I, coming down in a hurry. "We had better go back and see?"

It did n't take us long to get to the field, but we stopped this side of the wall and looked about for the bull.

Farmer Hale had been clearing up his land that afternoon, and there was a great brush-heap smoking away in the middle of the field, just this side of an old windmill. We were afraid the bull was hiding over there behind it, so we just stood on the wall and shouted for Launce.

The thunder-storm was nearer now, the crashes and lightning seemed to come at almost the same minute, and the wind was blowing a regular hurricane. The Lily Maid looked white enough, even through her freckles, but she did n't say a word about going home, for by that time we both were pretty well scared about Launce.

Between the peals of thunder, we began to hear a queer noise in the direction of the windmill. The Lily Maid and I started for it on a



THE LILY MAID OF ASTOLAT.

run, keeping an eye out all the time for the bull. As we drew nearer, the noise became a loud roar, and above it all we could hear shouts from Launce.

"Jiminy!" said I, "I believe that Launce and the bull are shut up together in the wind-mill."

"Are you in there, Launce?" screamed the Lily Maid, and then we could hear his voice from 'way above us:

"Yes, I am. I'm up where the shafting is. That bull chased me in here, and he's ramping around underneath me. He's shut the door

A big gust of wind swept across the field at this moment, nearly taking the Lily Maid and me off our feet. It brought with it a cloud of dust and dry leaves, and the great brush-heap, which till now had been smoldering quietly, suddenly blazed up and began to scatter sparks in every direction.

The Lily Maid screamed and seized my arm. "The sparks are falling on the mill," she



"LAUNCE CAME STAGGERING OUT OF THE MILL, HALF CHOKED BY THE SMOKE." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

on himself in some way, and now he can't get out, and neither can I!"

All this time the thunder was crashing louder than ever and the bull was bellowing like mad. I looked through a crack and could see him tearing round and round in a circle, and could just catch a glimpse of Launce, crouching on a beam and scowling down at him. They looked so funny that I could n't help laughing.

"This is indeed a woful plight, O brave Sir Launcelot," I began. "Now is the time to show your prowess. What doughty deed—"

shouted with her mouth close to my ear. "It will be on fire in a second. We must get Launce out."

"Great Cæsar's ghost! What's the matter?" called Launce in a scared voice. "The air is full of smoke. Is anything on fire?"

A little blaze burst out from the roof. I gave one look at it, and then started across the fields as fast as I could go.

"I'll get help," I shouted, "Tell Launce to hold out a few minutes longer."

But as I vaulted the fence I heard a shriek

from the Lily Maid. I turned and saw the top of the old mill all ablaze.

For a second I could n't move; then the peril Launce was in came over me, and I leaped the fence and started back on a run. But the Lily Maid was before me. She had her hand on the door, and I knew what she was going to do.

"Don't open that door!" I yelled. "You'll be killed. Wait for me."

She hesitated a moment, and I saw her catch her breath and look up at the burning roof, and then—

"You'll be too late!" she screamed, and she flung the door wide open.

Out dashed the bull in a blind fury. He knocked over the Lily Maid in his first wild rush, but the smoke seemed to madden him and he did not stop, but gave a fearful roar and galloped across the fields.

It did n't take me long to get to her, and as I knelt down by her side Launce came staggering out of the mill, half choked by the smoke. He looked at her in a dazed sort of way, but did n't say a word till I shook him by the shoulder.

"Help me lift her, Launce. We must get her away from here—out of the smoke," said I, for her face was very white.

Then he said: "She's dead, is n't she, Jim?" and lifted her all by himself and carried her across the field as if he did n't feel her weight at all. He put her down under a tree, and I ran as fast as I could and brought some water from the brook.

Soon she opened her eyes, and after staring at us for a moment she said dreamily:

"That day there was dole in Astolat."

"Don't talk like that, Susan," said I quickly, and Launce's face grew a shade whiter, but she went right on:

"I know I made a funny Elaine, but I did so want to be brave and loyal as—well—as—" But she could n't finish the sentence. She put both hands wearily to her head and closed her eyes again.

I tell you it's rather hard on a fellow to have the mean things he's said brought up to him at a time like that, and my voice was so choked for a minute that I could hardly answer.

"There's no need to talk of being brave, Susan, after what you've just done."

"You're worth ten of us, Susan!" said Launce in a very low voice, "and after this we'll always be your true knights."

And—well, there is n't much more to tell. Susan was ill for several weeks, and the next time we saw her she was so thin and white that she might have called herself the Lily Maid in good earnest.

One day, when she was nearly well, we three walked down to the meadow together. We leaned over the wall and looked at the ruins of the old windmill.

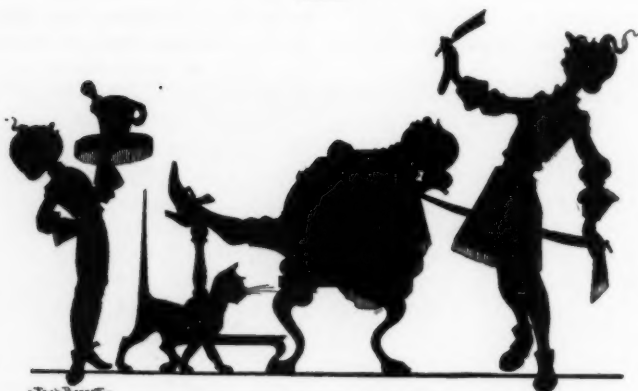
"Sir Launcelot's tower!" said Susan, with a little laugh. "Methinks it seems a sorry resting-place for the chief of knights."

"It would have been a good deal sorrier resting-place if it had n't been for the Lily Maid of Astolat," said I seriously.



THE BARBER OF SARI-ANN.

BY JACK BENNETT.



It was ages ago, at the Sari-Ann fair,
The king called the court barber to shave his
face bare,
But to make the least scratch on his skin,—if
he dare!
Then the barber's assistant made haste to pre-
pare
Lather, sponges, and towels, as usual there,
Strapped the strip of a razor-strop tied to the
chair,
Brought the eau-de-cologne to put on the king's
hair,
And the barber began with the shaving.

When a band, marching by in
a rollicking way,
Played a bit of a jig such as
circus-bands play;
And the king, who was feeling
quite merry that day,
Beat the time with a nod of
his head as he lay,
Loudly whistling the tune, ere the barber could
say
That to whistle while under a razor won't pay:
(When a king says to shave, why, a man *must*
obey,
So the barber went right along shaving).

Up and down, all around, the alert razor
sped,
Till, in one most unfortunate moment of
dread,
The king's nose, with a bridge like the roof of a
shed,
Struck the razor, which, coasting along like a
sled,
Slipped, and chipped from its tip one diminutive
shred!
Like a streak of greased lightning the poor bar-
ber fled,



While the king pursued, foaming with rage, as
he said,
"There shall never be any more shaving!"
"Ne'er again shall a whisker be cut in this
land;

Or a razor so much as be held in the hand;
Or an edged tool be used to cut beards!—understand?

Shears and all are included in this stern command!

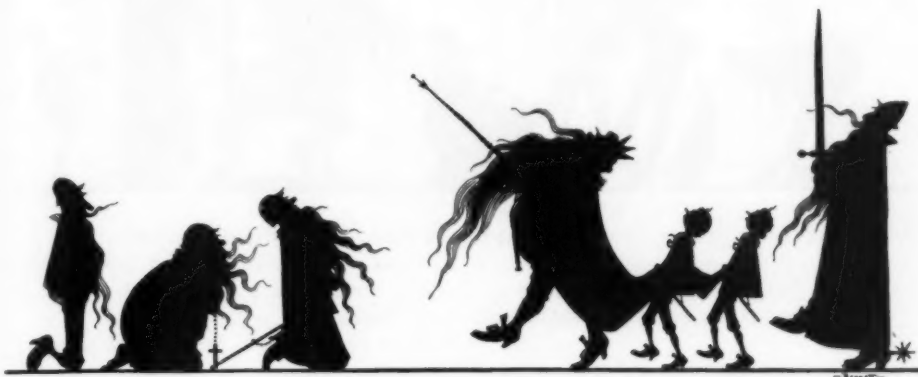
All offenders shall be buried, living, in sand,
Parboiled, cut in sausage-meat, pickled and canned,

Though they plaited them, matted them,
wrapped them around

From their heads to their toes, coil on coil,
pound on pound:

"Who removes them wins fame to forever resound,

And he'll get half the kingdom for shaving."



And sealed with the government pork-packer's brand!"

So the barbers all gave up their shaving.

Then the whiskers grew up, and the whiskers grew down,

And the whiskers grew gray, and the whiskers grew brown—

Mustapha! There soon were more whiskers than town!—

And so long grew the king's that they covered his gown.

Then the monarch announced, with a terrible frown:

"For a shave without cutting I'll give half my crown!

Get to work, now, ye wits, and ye men of renown,

To devise some new method of shaving."

But the years rolled along, and no way could be found,

From the clouds up above, or from under the ground,

To remove the array. So did whiskers abound.
Their prodigious great lengths did all tourists astound,

One fine day, down the road that approached Sari-Ann,

Strode a stranger, abstractedly framing a plan
To take off those beards without breaking the ban.

Now, this stranger had traveled in far Hindustan,

Timbuctoo, Totolapa, Toorookhansk, and Toorfan,





Pole to pole, zone to zone, from Beersheba to
Dan ;
And he felt that he was the identical man
That could amputate beards without shaving.

In the square by the palace he set up his shop ;
Not a cup, or a lather-brush, razor, or strop,
Nor of bay-rum, pomatum, or hair-oil one drop.
In fact, nothing at all — just a big sign on top
That made every one stare, that made every one
stop,

That made every one glare, with both eyes on
the pop :

“ King, courtier and cavalier, warrior and fop,
I CAN TAKE OFF THE BEARD WITHOUT
SHAVING ! ”

Each observer flew home all his neighbors to
bring,

Just to look at this very improbable thing,
And the rumor ran round like a bull in a ring
Till it came to the palace. Then up rose the
king :

“ Bring him here. If he fail in this task, he
shall swing
By the nape of his neck from the end of a
string !
If he win, all my wealth at his feet I will fling,
This madman who shaves without shaving.”

Then the king and the court and court-coun-
selsors three,
Men-at-arms, knights and squires, a brave sight
to see,
And the populace crowding the grand gallery,
All assembled to witness what necromancy
This weird stranger might use that all whiskers
should flee.



What strange magic arts, what fell mystery,
What grim abracadabra this system might be
To get rid of beards without shaving!

"Now promise, O Sire, since my life is at stake,
That all methods, not cutting, I 've freedom to
take;

That you will not once ask me my task to for-
sake,

Else you give me your kingdom, land, river,
and lake."

The king promised a promise he never could
break.

When a huge pair of pincers that made his
knees quake

Were produced by the barber with threatening
shake—

"Now," said he, "we 'll go on with the
shaving!"

Then he smiled a grim smile and secured a firm
grip

With his pincers upon the king's beard, gave a
flip,

And pulled ten long hairs with a snap like a whip!
With a hop and a howl the king clutched at
his lip,



Crying, "Crickets! If this is the way that you
strip

A beard off without using the scissors to snip,
Or a razor to shave, or an edged tool to clip,
I have got all I want of your shaving!

"Why, just see, you have pulled only ten bris-
tles out,



And there must be, beside those, ten thousand
as stout;

And before you could pull every separate sprout,
I would be everlastingly—gone up the spout!

It may amuse you and the crowd, I 've no
doubt,

But it 's murder for me! Take the crown,—take
the gout!

Take the land with its gold, take the sea with
its trout,

Take it all—but excuse me from shaving!"

"Nay, I want not your crown: work is plenty
for me;

High living with hair-cutting does not agree.
Reconsider your edict and leave each man free
To be shaved or unshaven as pleasanter be;
For a king's stanchest prop is his leniency.
And, though men, now and then, scratch their
noses, maybe

A king's eyes should be wide enough open to see
There are many worse evils than shaving."

Then the king arose meekly and said that he
guessed

He had paid pretty dear for his share of the
jest.

That his edict was wrong, he then freely con-
fessed:

All persons might shave. As for him, he 'd be
blessed

If he did n't give shaving and shavers a rest!

But would still act as king—if the barber thought
best

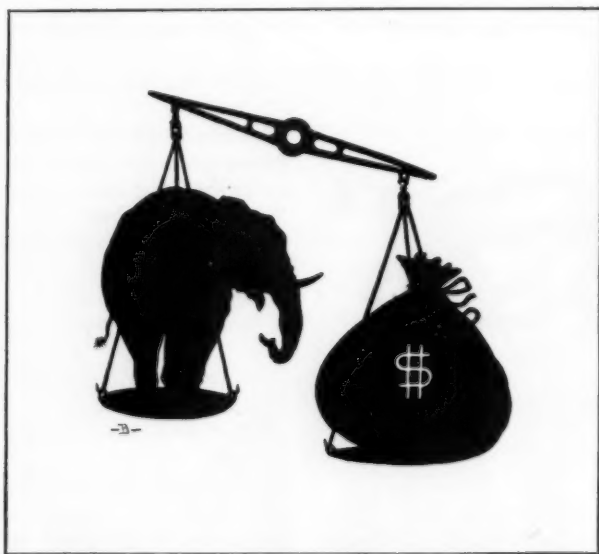


And would be his Chief Chancellor, with a be-
quest
Giving him all the Sari-Ann shaving.

Then there came by the dozen, there came by
the score,
Ninety thousand, nine hundred and seventy-four
(So the censuses said; but it surely was more)
Wanting shaves who had never been shaven be-
fore,
All awaiting their turns at the barber's front
door;
While the round dollars rolled in a ceaseless
downpour,

Till the boxes and bags of gold covered the
floor,
And the barber grew weary with shaving.

And the sum of his wealth when the business
was done
Outweighed a fat elephant more than a ton.
Then he bought out the king and the kingdom,
for fun,
Made the monarch his agent, the business to
run,
And he said, "Of all proverbs the best is this
one:
'A wise barber sticks to his shaving.'"



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JERICO BOB.

BY ANNA EICHBERG KING.



JERICO BOB, when he was four years old, hoped that one day he might be allowed to eat just as much turkey as he possibly could. He was eight now, but that hope had not been realized.

Mrs. Jericho Bob, his mother, kept hens for a living, and she expected that they would lay enough eggs in the course of time to help her son to an independent career as a bootblack.

They lived in a tumbledown house

in a waste of land near the steam cars, and besides her hens Mrs. Bob owned a goat.

Our story has, however, nothing to do with the goat except to say he was there, and that he was on nibbling terms, not only with Jericho Bob, but with Bob's bosom friend, Julius Cæsar Fish, and it was surprising how many old hat-brims and other tidbits of clothing he could swallow during a day.

As Mrs. Bob truly said, it was no earthly use to get something new for Jericho, even if she could afford it; for the goat browsed all over him, and had been known to carry away even a leg of his trousers.

Jericho Bob was eight years old, and the friend of his bosom, Julius Cæsar Fish, was nine. They were both of a lovely black; a tall-dip could n't take the kink out of their hair, and the hardest whipping did not disturb the even cheerfulness of their spirits. They were so

much alike that if it had n't been for Jericho's bow-legs and his turn-up nose, you really could not have told them apart.

A kindred taste for turkey also united them.

In honor of Thanksgiving day Mrs. Bob always sacrificed a hen which would, but for such blessed release, have died of old age. One drumstick was given to Jericho, whose interior remained an unsatisfied void.

Jericho Bob had heard of turkey as a fowl larger, sweeter, and more tender than hen; and about Thanksgiving time he would linger around the provision stores and gaze with open mouth at the noble array of turkeys hanging, head downward, over bushels of cranberries, as if even at that uncooked stage, they were destined for one another. And turkey was his dream.

It was spring-time, and the hens were being a credit to themselves. The goat in the yard, tied to a stake, was varying a meal of old shoe and tomato-can by a nibble of fresh green grass. Mrs. Bob was laid up with rheumatism.

"Jericho Bob!" she said to her son, shaking her red and yellow turban at him, "Jericho Bob, you go down an' fetch de eggs to-day. Ef I find yer don't bring me twenty-three, I 'll — well, never mind what I 'll do, but yer won't like it."

Now, Jericho Bob meant to be honest, but the fact was he found twenty-four, and the twenty-fourth was so big, so remarkably big.

Twenty-three eggs he brought to Mrs. Bob, but the twenty-fourth he sinfully left in charge of the discreet hen.

On his return he met Julius Cæsar Fish, with his hands in his pockets and his head extinguished by his grandfather's fur cap.

Together they went toward the hen-coop and Julius Cæsar Fish spoke, or rather lisped (he had lost some of his front teeth):

"Jericho Bobth, tha'th a turkey'th egg."

"Yer don't say so?"

"I think i'th a-goin' ter hatch." No sooner

said than they heard a pick and a peck in the shell.

"Pick!" a tiny beak broke through the shell. "Peck!" more beak. "Crack!" a funny little head, a long, bare neck, and then "Pick! Peck! Crack!" before them stood the funniest, fluffiest brown ball resting on two weak little legs.

"Hooray!" shouted the woolly heads.

"Peep!" said turkeykin.

"It's mine!" Jericho shouted excitedly.

"I'th Marm Pitkin'th turkey'th; she laid it there."

"It's mine, and I'm going to keep it, and next Thanksgiving I'm going ter eat him."

with what impatience and anticipation they saw spring, summer, and autumn pass, while they watched their Thanksgiving dinner stalk proudly up the bare yard, and even hop across the railroad tracks.

But, alas! the possession of the turkey brought with it strife and discord.

Quarrels arose between the friends as to the prospective disposal of his remains. We grieve to say that the question of who was to cook him led to blows.

It was the day before Thanksgiving. There was a coldness between the friends which was not dispelled by the bringing of a pint of cranberries to the common store by Jericho, and the



JERICHO BOB AND JULIUS CÆSAR FISH PLANNING THEIR THANKSGIVING DINNER.

"Think your ma 'll let you feed him up for thath?" Julius Cæsar asked, triumphantly.

Jericho Bob's next Thanksgiving dinner seemed destined to be a dream. His face fell.

"I 'll tell yer whath I 'll do," his friend said, benevolently; "I 'll keep 'm for you, and Thanksgivin' we 'll go halvth."

Jericho resigned himself to the inevitable, and the infant turkey was borne home by his friend.

Fish, Jr., lived next door, and the only difference in the premises was a freight-car permanently switched off before the broken-down fence of the Fish yard; and in this car turkeykin took up his abode.

I will not tell you how he grew and more than realized the hopes of his foster-fathers, nor

contributing thereto of a couple of cold boiled sweet potatoes by Julius Cæsar Fish.

The friends sat on an ancient wash-tub in the back yard, and there was a momentary truce between them. Before them stood the freight-car, and along the track beyond an occasional train tore down the road, which so far excited their mutual sympathy that they rose and shouted as one man.

At the open door of the freight-car stood the unsuspecting turkey, and looked meditatively out on the landscape and at the two figures on the wash-tub.

One had bow-legs, a turn-up nose, and a huge straw hat. The other wore a fur cap and a gentleman's swallow-tail coat, with the tails caught up because they were too long.

The turkey hopped out of the car and gazed confidently at his protectors. In point of size he was altogether their superior.

"I think," said Jericho Bob, "we 'd better kitch 'im; to-morrow's Thanksgiving. Yum!"

And he looked with great joy at the innocent, the unsuspecting fowl.

"Butcher Tham 'th goin' ter kill 'im for uth," Julius Cæsar hastened to say, "an' I kin cook 'im."

"No, you ain't. I 'm goin' to cook 'im," Jericho Bob cried, resentfully. "He 's mine."

"He ain't; he 'th mine."

"He was my egg," and Jericho Bob danced defiance at his friend.

The turkey looked on with some surprise, and he became alarmed when he saw his foster-fathers clasped in an embrace more of anger than of love.

"I 'll eat 'im all alone!" Jericho Bob cried.

"No, yer sha' n't!" the other shouted.

The turkey shrieked in terror, and fled in a circle about the yard.

"Now, look yere," said Julius Cæsar, who had conquered. "We 're goin' to be squar'. He wath your egg, but who brought 'im up? Me! Who 'th got a friend to kill 'im? Me! Who 'th got a fire to cook 'im? Me! Now you git up and we 'll kitch 'im. Ef you thay another word about your egg I 'll jeth eat 'im up all mythelf."

Jericho Bob was conquered. With mutual understanding they approached the turkey.

"Come yere; come yere," Julius Cæsar said, coaxingly.

For a moment the bird gazed at both, uncertain what to do.

"Come yere," Julius Cæsar repeated, and made a dive for him. The turkey spread his tail. Oh, did n't he run!

"Now I 've got yer!" the wicked Jericho Bob cried, and thought he had captured the fowl; when with a shriek from Jericho Bob, as the turkey knocked him over, the Thanksgiving

dinner spread his wings, rose in the air, and alighted on the roof of the freight-car.

The turkey looked down over the edge of the car at his enemies, and they gazed up at him. Both parties surveyed the situation.

"We 've got him," Julius Cæsar cried at last, exultantly. "You git on the roof, and ef you don't kitch 'im up thar, I 'll kitch 'im down yere."

With the help of the wash-tub, an old chair, Julius Cæsar's back, and much scrambling, Jericho Bob was hoisted on top of the car. The turkey was stalking solemnly up and down the roof with tail and wings half spread.

"I 've got yer now," Jericho Bob said, creeping softly after him. "I 've got yer now, sure," he was just repeating, when with a deafening roar the express-train for New York came tearing down the road.

For what possible reason it slowed up on approaching the freight-car nobody ever knew; but the fact remains that it did, just as Jericho Bob laid his wicked black paw on the turkey's tail.

The turkey shrieked, spread his wings, shook the small black boy's grasp from his tail, and with a mighty swoop alighted on the roof of the very last car as it passed; and in a moment more Jericho Bob's Thanksgiving dinner had vanished, like a beautiful dream, down the road!

What became of that Thanksgiving dinner no one ever knew. If you happen to meet a traveling turkey without any luggage, but with a smile on his countenance, please send word to Jericho Bob.

Every evening he and Julius Cæsar Fish stand by the broken-down fence and look up and down the road, as if they expected some one.

Jericho Bob has a turn-up nose and bow-legs. Julius Cæsar still wears his dress-coat, and both are watching for a Thanksgiving dinner that ran away.

PROFESSOR CHIPMUNK'S SURPRISING ADVENTURE.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

THE oak-tree selected by the committee was excellently adapted to the purpose, being deep in the woods, shady, and yet not so thickly leaved as to obstruct the audience's view of the sky, in case of hawks or other unruly members of society.

Professor A. Chipmunk, though a little dingy in coloring and somewhat thin, as indeed was natural, considering his experiences, appeared to be fully conscious of the importance of the occasion and ready to do his best.

Precisely at noon he climbed to his place on one of the smaller branches, took a dainty sip of rain-water from an acorn-cup, waved his tail gracefully to the audience, and began:

QUADRUPEDS AND BIPEDS:

Your committee has told me that there is much curiosity among you in regard to my experiences during my recent captivity in the hands of that grasping and selfish race which converts our happy woodlands into desolate farms, and prefers to the sprightly and interesting dwellers of the woods the overfed and stupid slaves of the farm-yard. For the benefit of my younger hearers, I will say plainly that I refer to the ordinary *Homo*, commonly known as Man. [Applause.]

Most of you know that it was my misfortune to fall into the clutches of these strange animals, and my good fortune to return again to my bereaved family, and to you, my neighbors.

And I am sure I can find no more fitting occasion than the present to thank you all for having supplied my wife and children with acorns and walnuts during my absence. But for the



PROFESSOR CHIPMUNK RELATING HIS ADVENTURE.

sake of the few who may not know how it was that I became the prisoner of the slow-moving animals to which I have already referred, I will explain that I entered, in the interests of science, a sort of inclosure or artificial burrow known in their tongue as a "trap." My purpose in en-

tering the inclosure was to ascertain whether it was a safe place for a squirrel to reside, and I am quite convinced by my experience that it is *not*. The trap is commodious, dark, and well sheltered; but it has the serious defect that the entrance does not always remain open. Indeed, in the case of the one I examined, no sooner had I entered it than something fell over the end, shutting out the light. As it fell I heard a peculiar sound from a bush near by, sounding like "*Igothim*."

Some of you may ask why I did not push aside the obstruction and escape. The same thought occurred to me; but, no matter how hard I pushed, it would not move. I then began to gnaw my way out, when a remarkable thing occurred. You have many of you been upon a branch when it was violently swayed by the wind. In the same way did this trap behave. It seemed to be raised from the ground and to be shaken violently, so violently, in fact, that I had to cease my attempts at gnawing my way out.

This continued for quite a time, and when it ceased the cover was opened. Glad to escape, I sprang through the opening. But to my surprise I found I was not free. I found myself in another inclosure made of thin straight twigs, without bark, and harder than any wood. I think I may say without presumption that my teeth are as good as those of any rodent who may be present, but try as I might, I could make no impression upon even the smallest of those cold gray twigs.

[At this moment two blue-jays in one of the upper branches, who had already been chattering in rather an audible tone, burst into a peal of mocking laughter. A king-bird flew at them, and gave them a good pecking, whereupon they flew away toward the swamp, and the audience settled down again and begged the professor to go on.]

As I picked up a few words of their language, I can inform you that this contrivance was called a "*cage*," and seemed to have been made for the purpose of retaining such wood-dwellers as might fall into these creatures' power.

Several of the young animals gathered around it and examined me closely, apparently to de-

termine whether I was good to eat. Indeed the youngest of them—what they call a "*Polly*"—tried to seize a piece of my tail, but was prevented by the older and greedier ones.

They seemed to think that I was not fat enough to be eaten, for they furnished me a variety of food. Among the things offered were bits of apple, a kind of sweet stone they called "*sugar*," which was like very clean ice or hard snow, a dusty sort of dry stuff known to them as "*crackers*," and a few very poor walnuts. Of course I did not feel like eating; but they would not leave me alone. They poked me with bits of stick until, seeing a good opportunity, I bit the young animal called a Polly on the end of one of her soft claws. Then she wanted to hurt me; but a larger one of the animals, known as a "*Papa*," interfered and tied a soft white leaf around her claw, probably so that she might not scratch me.

By this time I heard a curious jingling sound, and I was soon left alone.

This jingling sound was evidently of much importance to these curious creatures. I heard it always early in the morning, at about midday, and after dark; and whenever it was heard, the animals, big and little, would leave me for a time long enough for eating perhaps a dozen hickory nuts.

Every part of the cage was comfortable and quiet, except one. That was a movable place into which I could crawl; but as soon as I was in it, it would slide from under my feet. But no sooner did I slide from one part than I found another beneath my feet. It was very curious. They called it a "*wheel*."

Except the continued staring and poking, nothing was done to me the first day. But, at night, there was a great slamming and banging, the lights were suddenly taken away, just as the moonlight ends when a black cloud goes over the moon, and the whole place in which they lived became dark.

Then how I suffered! The air became very heavy and close. I could not sleep. The hole in which these queer animals sleep was terribly warm and oppressive, and I longed to be in the woods again.

When the light returned, the jingling sound

was repeated, the Papa and the Polly and the rest entered the big hollow where I was, and repeated a form of words until I was able to remember it. They said, "*Good morning, Papa,*" "*Good morning, Polly,*" and then went out of the hollow.

After another long time, a third one of them came in and looked very pleasantly at me. The Polly and the Papa came and stood looking in, too. Then the larger one said some words to the others, and repeated something like, "*Lethingo.*"

The Polly said, "*Whymama!*"

The other said again, "*Lethingo.*"

Then the cage was picked up and carried out of the hollow and into the field where they lived. Next the Polly worked over one side of the cage until she had made an opening in it.

Strange to say, none of them seemed to notice this opening, and of course I did not call their attention to the oversight. [Laughter.]

I waited until the Polly had run away to where the other creatures stood, and then I made a quick jump through the opening, and away I went!

It did not take me long, I promise you, to make my way back to the woods, and since my return I have lived among you as usual.

My observations while in captivity may be summed up as follows:

I should advise you to avoid entering any of those peculiar square, hollow logs known as "traps," as it is much easier to enter them than to escape from them. I am sure few would be clever enough to escape as I did.

If you should be so unfortunate as to find yourself in a "cage,"—which, you remember, is made of hard gray twigs,—bite the soft claws of the creatures who poke you.

Do not eat the strange foods known as "*crackers*" or "*candy*," as they do not agree with any but men.

Large men are known as the "Papa" or "Oh-Papa," and the smaller ones as "Polly" or "Bobby." The worst kind, I believe, is the "Bobby," and the best and kindest seems to be the "Whymama."

These curious creatures all have a means of putting out the stars and moon at night, and prefer to sleep in very hot and bad air. They also run away somewhere whenever they hear a jingle, which happens three times a day.

I thank you for your attention, and hope to be in my usual health soon.

After a vote of thanks the meeting adjourned, much impressed by the boldness and learning of Professor Chipmunk.



THE PROFESSOR ON HIS TRAVELS IN THE "TRAP."



THE FIRST TOOTH.

HOW JOHNNY GOT A GUN

BY *H. C. Ogden*



ONE day while Johnny was out with his nurse, a hand-organ on wheels standing in the street played a very lively tune. "What is that tune?" asked Johnny. "I like it." So the nurse asked the organ-grinder. "That-a tune-a he call 'Johnny, get your gun,'" said the man.

Johnny kept thinking "what a funny name for a tune!" And the next day he went into the room where his papa was painting a picture. After a while papa left Johnny by himself, and—what do you suppose happened? Everything was still, and Johnny was won-

dering what he 'd do next, when in through the open window came the sound of a street-boy singing at the top of his voice.

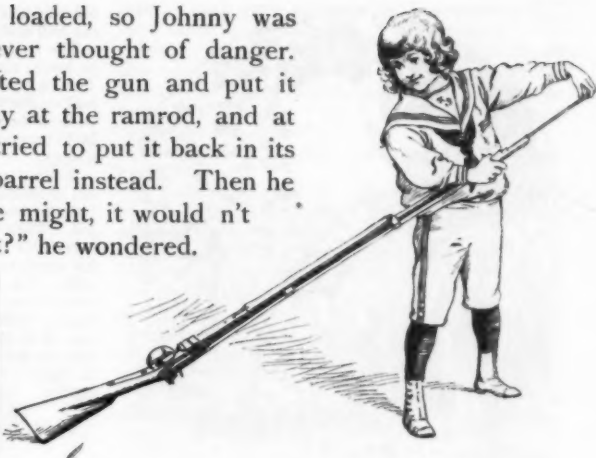
Johnny knew the song at once. It was "Johnny, get your gun, get your gun, get your gun," and our Johnny thought to himself, "I 'd like to get a gun. Where can I find one?"

Looking about, Johnny saw, standing against the wall on one side of the room, seven guns—some very big and some not so big. They belonged to his papa, and he used them when he painted pictures of soldiers.

Johnny trotted over and picked out (as a *little* boy always does) the biggest he could find. It happened to be an old gun, one of the kind that were used long ago, with a rusty lock and barrel.



None of the guns were loaded, so Johnny was in no danger; but he never thought of danger. Down from its place he lifted the gun and put it on the floor, and pulled away at the ramrod, and at last got it out. Then he tried to put it back in its place, but it went into the barrel instead. Then he tried the lock; but try as he might, it would n't work. "How do they shoot it?" he wondered.



"This way, I guess," said he; but he could not lift the big gun up to his shoulder.

Just then the curtains of the door opened, and there stood his papa!

"Why, my boy, what *are* you doing?" he asked. "You might drop that big gun on your toes. Why *did* you get that gun?"

"Why, papa, I heard somebody outside singing 'Johnny, get your gun,' and I did n't have any; so I thought I'd get one of yours. This was the biggest I could find."

His father put the gun back in its place, and told Johnny that he should have a gun of his very big ones again.

own if he would promise not to touch

Johnny promised. So a new gun was bought for him, a toy-gun that just fitted his little hands; and now when Johnny hears the song, he says, "I'm a Johnny, and I have a gun. I'll go and get it!"





JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT.

ON some day during this fine, brisk, rustling November, my hearers, many of you will have the pleasure of attending a Thanksgiving feast either at home or elsewhere — and if you do, be sure not to forget the thanks-giving part of it. The Deacon tells me that folk with good appetites and genial natures often do so nowadays, and he is sorry for it.

A Thanksgiving feast may be one thing, or it may be another, or both — and the Deacon thinks it may as well be both. If you must forget one part of Thanksgiving Day, he says, forget the turkeys, the pumpkin pies, and all that sort of thing, but don't forget the best of all things — which is gratitude.

"TRUE AS PERSIMMONS."

TALKING of the Deacon reminds me that his favorite November expression is: "*True as persimmons.*"

"And I mean it strictly," he explains to the dear Little Schoolma'am. "Your persimmon, ripe or not, is as honest a thing as one can pick up in a week of Sundays. If it's a *ripe* persimmon it gives in and tells you so at once, and you believe it — and if it is not ripe —"

Well, if there is any flattery, any dissembling, any nonsense about an unripe persimmon, the Deacon says he has been mistaken for some time past, that's all!

A FARMER'S BULL KILLED BY A BEAR.

HERE is a true story which came to this pulpit from a friend of the Deacon's:

It appears that a farmer in Pennsylvania lately was disturbed while at dinner by the bellowing of his cattle. He ran out, and found that a bear was inviting a calf to come over the fence and provide him with veal cutlets. The farmer resolved to attend the proposed banquet, and thought his rifle might be a useful companion. When he brought the rifle the farmer found that his three-year-

old bull was arguing with the bear, and concluded to let the bull and bear settle the question.

The bear thought the bull's horns were a pointed hint to leave, and, after a poking, tried to climb the fence. The bull wished to help him over, so the bear hit the bull on the nose as a token that he preferred to get over without help, and again went at the fence. Then the bull charged, and down came fence, bear, and bull, all in a heap.

Neither animal paused to count ten, though both were out of temper, and the bull again charged on the bear; but the bear hit him between the horns, and the bull fell. Then the farmer, seeing that the bull was dying, went after the bear, who retired to a swamp at the top of his speed, receiving a few slight wounds from the farmer's rifle. But the farmer's ammunition gave out, and he went home for his son. The two followed the bear's tracks, found him at home, and killed him. The bull was dead, the calf died before night, and the farmer and his son made up their minds that next time a bear came to fight a bull of theirs they would do their shooting earlier. The bear weighed three hundred pounds.

Now let us take up

A FOOLISH OLD SAYING.

ONE thing always vexes my birds — and that is to hear folks say in a satisfied way, just as if they had settled the question conclusively, "*The bird that can sing and will not sing must be made to sing.*"

Now, did ever any one hear such nonsense as that? I should like to see anybody, however grand, make one of *my* birds sing if it did n't choose to sing!

NEWS FOR THE LITTLE SCHOOLMA'AM.

HERE is a letter that contains, as you will see, news for the Little Schoolma'am:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I am not a school-girl, for my sister and I are taught by a governess. But I have heard something that will astonish the dear Little Schoolma'am if she has not heard it already. I call it good news, too, though she may not do so. Will you please tell her that some of the real learned grown folks in mama's Afternoon Club believe that people ought to say *you was* and not *you were* when you are speaking to *one* person (which you know is the second person singular in grammar). They say *you were* is plural (and so it is) and if you are speaking to *one* person you must not speak plural to him, any more than you would say of a girl, "She must put on her hat for they [meaning the girl] are going out."

Maybe this sounds mixed, but it is the best I can do at present.

Your young friend,

LAURA PRICE.

WHILE we are considering questions of grammar, allow me to show you these lively verses from E. F. Green, a settled grammarian.

THE GRUESOME GIRL.

SHE was a real nice little girl,

With hair that hung in one long cue,
And she was meek as meek could be.
But when, one day, she came to me,
And said, "I done it" for "I did,"
Down from my nose my eyes slid,
I opened very wide my gasses,—

I did this to express surprise,—
And said, in voice that gruesome grew,
"This will not do."

She often folded in her lap
Her hands, and like a saint she seemed;
She sat for hours and hours that way,
But when, one time, I heard her say,
"I seen it" when she should have said
"I saw it," I just shook my head,
Took my galoshes from the shelf,
And in the rain walked by myself,
Remarking, "She 's not what she seemed.
I dreamed! I dreamed!"

MORAL.

O little girls with yellow hair
And angel looks, beware!
Be very careful what you say,
Nor drive your dearest friend away
By fearful grammar; and when you
Don't know exactly what to do
Or say—say nothing. No real saint
Was ever known to say "I ain't."

A BOY ADOPTED BY A COW.

A LETTER from Kansas has a surprising story, my friends. It tells me of a cow who, when she had lost her calf, showed so much sorrow that it awakened the sympathy of her owner's fourteen-year-old son, and he showed her some slight kindness. The grateful cow at once became fond of him, watched for him as she would for her calf, and since then she has shown her pleasure whenever he comes near her. Indeed no one but this boy can manage the poor animal, and wonderful stories are told of her devotion to him. The Kansas papers say that lately the boy had occasion to go to a neighboring town, and, as he remained away until after milking time, his sister, not daring to approach the cow in any other way, decided to personate her brother. So she put on a suit of his clothes and went into the barnyard. The girl succeeded in deceiving the cow until the boy was seen coming up the road, when instantly the indignant animal kicked the pail over and made a bound in the direction of the youth, showing unmistakable evidences of delight.

HERE is a pumpkin story sent you by your friend Emma M. Cass. You see it was

BROUGHT UP ON MILK.

"I 'LL tell you what I would like to have," said Johnny to his father, one day early last spring, "and that is, a little piece of ground to plant something in."

Johnny's father gave his consent, and the next morning saw our would-be farmer working away on his own farm. By dinner-time he had spaded it up, and planted some very choice pumpkin-seeds in its sunniest corner. Then for days he watched and waited until at last they began to send up their little green shoots. When, in due time, they waxed strong and vigorous, and began to put out great yellow blossoms, and after a while some baby pumpkins took shape, our little farmer was proud indeed. There was one among them, however, that seemed determined to get ahead of all the

others; for it grew and grew till it seemed as if it must burst its plump sides, or stop growing.

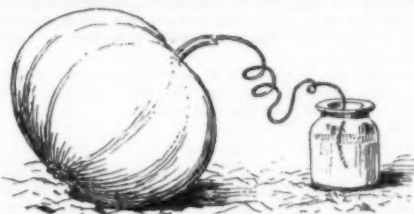
One morning along came neighbor Sam to see this wonderful pumpkin, for its fame had spread through all the neighborhood. "A pretty sizable pumpkin," said he, "but it ought to grow a bit bigger. I should feed it."

"Feed it!" exclaimed Johnny. "Do pumpkins ever eat?"

"To be sure they do—they are master hands to drink milk, as I 'll show you, if you 'll fetch me some in a large-mouthed bottle."

Away ran Johnny, who soon returned with a glass jar of rich creamy milk. Farmer Sam then cut off the end of the stalk or large vine on which the pumpkin grew, and placed the remaining part in the milk. "There, now," he said; "you 'll see that milk disappear in almost no time, and you must mind and keep the jar well filled."

Johnny followed directions faithfully, and in a short time he was well rewarded. The milk was swallowed, and the pumpkin thrived until no finer, larger specimen had ever been seen in the country.



FEEDING A PUMPKIN.

"It shall go to the State Fair," said Johnny's father, and to the fair it went, this Jumbo of a pumpkin. On the last day of the fair, as Johnny entered the hall where the garden produce was displayed, about the first thing that met his eye was his pumpkin, to which was attached a card bearing these words: "Master John Hill. First Prize—ten dollars."

The happiest boy in the State, as you may suppose, was Johnny.

THE FOUR WORDS DISCOVERED.

THE dear Little Schoolma'am requests me to announce that correct solutions of "Arum's" puzzle—which I gave you in August—have been sent in by Lucy Goodrich, Marguerite Speckel, Katie Mantner, Mabel E. G., Chas A. H., Edith L. G., Mabel H. S., "May '79," Gertrude A. L., M. B. Lenis, S. G. L., Miss Maddalena S. T., "Infantry," Helen B., Amy H. B., Grace A. H., and Edith A. P.

Arum asked for four words each made from all of the seven letters: C D L M A E I. The words are MEDICAL, DECLAIM, DECIMAL, CLAIMED.

SPECULATIVE ASTRONOMY.

DEAR JACK: Will you please ask your crowd of boys and girls what they would answer to this question:

Does this earth when looked at from another planet seem to be above or below it? And, why?

Your constant reader, HELEN M—.

THE LETTER-BOX.

VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am staying at Virginia Beach, which is a seaside place about seventeen miles from Norfolk. The beach is one of the finest along this coast, being over a hundred feet wide.

Cape Henry is seven miles from here, and we often drive there to see the lighthouse. The view from the top of the lighthouse is perfectly beautiful. Looking seaward you see nothing but a long, unbroken line of glistening sand and water, the monotony of which is broken here and there by a ship or wreck against which the waves break, dashing the spray fifteen or twenty feet into the air. On the other side there is a great hill of gleaming sand a mile long, with a background of green forest. Just back of the hotel is a magnificent wood of pines, in the midst of which is a lovely lake where we go fishing. I think my two greatest pleasures are fishing and bathing. I have learned to swim and float, both since I have been here, and have won two or three swimming-races.

I would like to describe to you some of the beautiful walks and drives I take, but fear you will tire of my letter. From your devoted reader, E. S. T.

CABOURG, FRANCE.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I have never seen in your "Letter-box" a letter from Cabourg, and so thought that perhaps one from here would be acceptable.

Some people think that this beach is the most lovely in all France; it is very long and sandy; it is called *La Plage des Bébés* (The Babies' Beach), on account of the many children there. The surrounding country is beautiful. Ten minutes from here is Dives, where William the Conqueror often was; it is a very interesting old place. Henry IV. of France and Mme. de Sévigné stayed there for some time also.

We are three sisters living in France; we have been here two years and a half, and now, after such a long time, we wish to go back to our native land.

We have taken you for several years and enjoy your stories very much. Our favorite ones are, "Lady Jane," "The Boy Settlers," "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford," "A Little Girl's Diary in the East," and "May Bartlett's Stepmother." We are in boarding-school near Paris. I have a great many friends there. I remain your ever-devoted reader, HELEN MCC—.

THE CATSKILLS.

DEAR SAINT NICK: My little sister and I have been playing "Flower Ladies." As we had but very few roses, we used the prim China-asters which one so often sees in country gardens. We used too the quaint marigolds. The large, sober-colored asters were the grandmas, the soft, bright-colored ones were the sweet young ladies named "Alice" or "Gladys," while the little, white ones were the dear little children or the fat, chubby babies.

Mama has promised me a little Skye terrier on my twelfth birthday. I shall be very glad when the day comes.

I love to read the letters in the "Letter-box" almost as well as the other parts of your charming magazine.

Your loving reader, GERALDINE G—.

LOUISEN SCHLOSS, HOMBURG-VOR-DER-HÖHE.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: My two brothers and I live in Germany, on a farm, a big piece of land which our father owns. Our lovely home is a castle, on the top of a small hill. At the bottom of the hill our own gardener lives, and takes care of the gate and animals. Our castle is surrounded by a high stone wall, inside which we keep a great many roses and other nice flowers.

We have a young crow; he is already pretty big, but he does not fly away. His name is "Jacob." He goes about our whole place by himself, everywhere, and when he is hungry he comes back to his little hut and eats his fill. Our house doggie is "Affe"; he is very funny and very good-natured; we hold him up by his tail sometimes, but he never thinks of biting or barking. We have had him eight years now.

You must not think we are German children, for we are Americans, and love you, ST. NICHOLAS.

I can make cakes on a little range, which belongs to my kitchen, which is two yards long.

LITTLE EAGER READER.

COLUMBIA, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Southern girl, and was thirteen years old last March. My four sisters are eleven, nine, six, and two years old, respectively, and my dear little baby brother is just two and a half months old, and weighs eighteen or nineteen pounds, I think. I am the eldest.

We used to live in New Orleans before we came to Columbia, S. C., our home at present, where father is a professor in the South Carolina College. Columbia is a beautiful place. It has so many large trees and pretty gardens.

Every Christmas we go to the place where my oldest sister and I were born, and where mother lived when she was a little girl,—namely, Charleston. I have many cousins there, and we make up games and play them, and you may be sure we have good times.

My sweet, pretty little baby sister, and all the rest of us, love to swing on the swing we have in our large, beautiful yard. I don't think many people have the kind I mean. You see it is just like two separate swings, comparatively close together, with one long board resting with one end in each swing. The long board can be taken out, and then there are two little swings. When the long board is in, two children can get at each end and make it go, and others can sit in the middle.

We used to have a funny old gander, who was very fond of our cow "Evolution," called Lou. He would go over to where Lou was and lie in the grass. Once Lou got lost, and while she was gone the gander did n't seem to know what to do, but when she came back he ran to meet her, and flapped his wings, and said: "Oh, Lou, I'm so glad you've come back! Where have you been?" in gander language, and seemed just as glad to see her back as any of us.

We have two cats, "Jet" and "Joeberry." Did you ever hear that name before? When my next-to-youngest sister was a little baby thing, she was out driving one evening with mother and my aunt. They were talking about berries, and the horse was named "Joe."

My aunt turned to the baby and said, "What's the horse named?" She had the two things in her mind and answered, "Joeberry." Ever since, any pet she has is named "Joeberry."

It is our custom to say a verse of Scripture every morning at the breakfast-table, right after the blessing, and once, about a year after the "Joeberry" drive, we were at breakfast, and when it came her turn to say a verse (somebody usually taught her one, but that had not been done that morning) she said quite confidently, "Peek-a-boo! I see you. Come from behind the chair,—peek-a-boo!"

I will say good-by now, dear ST. NICHOLAS, and remain your little friend,
SUSY L—.

POLWARTH GARDENS, EDINA.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little Irish boy on a visit to my grandfather and uncles. They call me a real "Tipperary bhooy." My home is in Clonmel, and I have left a great lot of pigeons. My papa is trying to train some of them for carriers. He sent some to Waterford, about thirty miles away, and they came back very quickly. I am having a grand time in this lovely city. My mama and sister are here, too. We have seen more of Scotland. We like Stirling; it is all about Bruce and Wallace.

Three boys there read you as well as we. Your covers are sometimes all worn off with reading. My aunt here has sent you to us for eight years,—quite before I was born,—and I hope you will not be too busy to read this and hear how much we all weary for you every month. Dear ST. NICHOLAS, your loving reader,
DOUGLAS S—.

TOWANDA, PA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am nine years old and have four brothers and one sister. We have a cat, a dog, a horse, a canary bird, and some chickens. We had a dog named "Joe"; we were very fond of him, but he got run over by a large lumber-wagon and had to be shot. Our new dog is a bird-dog.

We have a boy choir in our church and I am the youngest boy in it. My brother George sings in it too. We call our eldest brother "Edison," because he is fond of electricity and has a laboratory full of batteries and chemicals, etc.

We all like the ST. NICHOLAS. Mama also reads it.
Your friend, EDWARD M—.

BARTON HEIGHTS, VA.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am a little boy eleven years old, and I am a great admirer of your magazine.

I have been taking it for a number of years, and my sister and I like very much to read it. The stories I like best this year are "The Boy Settlers," "Chan-Ok; A Romance of the Eastern Seas," and "The Fortunes of Toby Trafford." I would like very much to see Saleh Bin Osman as that girl did, and think his history is the best in the August number.

I live in a little village called Barton Heights, very near Richmond. I like this place very much, the summer days are so much pleasanter than in the city. The summers are very hot down here in Virginia, and we hardly have any snow in the winter.

I am your devoted reader, GASTON OTEY W—.

GREEN MOUNTAIN FALLS, COL.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We are having a perfectly glorious time camping in the Rocky Mountains, in the beautiful Ute Pass. It is in the largest and widest part

of the pass. We have very nice times riding donkeys. I have been thrown over their heads twice, and do not find it a very pleasant experience, although I have not been hurt either time. I have been in Green Mountain Falls five or six weeks with my sister and brother and Aunt Carolyn. I am the oldest, my sister next, and my brother is the youngest. There is just about two years difference in our ages.

We enjoy you very much. We thought that "Lady Jane" was a beautiful story, and are very much interested in "Toby Trafford." I have taken you two years.

The other day we went up to Woodland Park, the next station above Green Mountain Falls. The station itself was not very beautiful, but the view was the most beautiful I ever saw. We were on a little foot-hill called Prospect Hill. And the mountains were in a circle around us. Toward the south we could see Pike's Peak, and toward the west we could see rows and rows of mountains, and the last two or three were so far away that you could only see their outline.

Green Mountain Falls is so called because of its many trees, and their falls.

There was something very queer that we saw in August ST. NICHOLAS. It was headed, "What Is It?" and I had thought of answering the question, but something happened that I did not have time. The ones that answered the question correctly were two others and "Caroline B. S.," and I have wondered ever since if there is another Caroline B. S. who takes ST. NICHOLAS.

Your loving reader, CAROLINE B. S—.

ST. JOHN'S, NEWFOUNDLAND.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Every time your paper comes my sister Nellie and I have a fight who shall have it first to read, and mama says if we don't stop fighting over you, she won't have you come to the house any more. We think we are the only ones that read you in Newfoundland, and thought you might like to hear about the Islands. We only came here six months ago, and saw so many strange things.

Papa took us out in a boat with two fishermen to jig for codfish. After we sailed out to the mouth of the harbor we let down our jiggers, which are pieces of lead shaped like small fishes and with two hooks at one end and a string fastened to the other, which we pulled up and down quickly in the water, and very soon we caught forty small codfish, and the hooks would often catch the fish in the body, as they could not get out of the way quick enough.

Our boat was near to a big iceberg which was higher than the masts of the vessels. They come from the north in the spring, float away past the harbor, and often get stopped in front of the harbor for several days, and until the wind blows them away. Those that turn over in the water are called "growlers."

There are three kinds of bait which the fishermen use to fish with: the caplin, the squid, and the herring. The caplin is like a small herring and is hooked on to a jigger; the squid is something like a piece of rope about eight inches long, with one end fuzzed out. It is cut in pieces and a piece hooked on the jigger. Most of the codfish are caught on what are called the Grand Banks, about two or three days' sail from here. These banks are made by the icebergs bringing down with them rocks and earth, and when they meet the warm water from the south the ice melts, and the earth and rocks sink to the bottom, and so in time the water has got to be quite shallow, and it is around these banks the fish feed. The banks cannot be seen, but the fishermen know where to find them. A great many of the fish are brought here and are split open, cleaned, and laid on fish-flakes to dry.

The flakes are made of small posts about six feet high set up near the shore, and covered all over with branches of trees flatted down. They put me in mind of grape arbors. After the fish are dried they are tied up in bundles called fagots, and after that they are again dried and in about a month are ready to ship away. Only the best salt is used to cure the fish. When we saw them curing the fish the man gave me one, and when I held it by the tail it dragged on the ground.

The vessels came in from the seal-fishing about the middle of April, and brought with them thousands and thousands of sealskins. We went over to see them unloaded, and the fat taken and made into oil. But the smell was so great that it made me sick, and I could not go in; but mama and Nellie did. The skins are taken into a large warehouse and the fat is cut from them and melted into oil, which, after it has settled, is as clear as water. The skins are salted down and shipped away to make shoes and gloves. These are not the seals that the sealskin coats are made of. There are two kinds of seals, the harp and the hood. The hoods are very savage.

Yours truly,

STEPHEN P.—

BEAUFORT, S. C.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: We have taken you ever since I can remember, so you may imagine how much I missed you when I went away for the first time to school, in Charleston, last winter. I am a little girl, twelve years old, and have been going to school ever since I was three. I have two sisters and a little brother. One of my sisters is older than I am, and the other is younger. Their names are Lizzie and Lou. My brother's name is Jacob Ford. We are descendants of the old Jacob Ford, who was aide-de-camp for General Washington. I have a cousin in Morristown, N. J., who takes an interest in my brother, and who sent him a picture of the old Ford Mansion there, in which they now keep relics. We have a large yard (nearly an acre, I think), and command a lovely view of the river, in which we bathe every day.

Our yard is almost a farm-yard. We have two Jersey cows named "Bessie" and "Minnie," two horses named "Belle" and "Nellie," a cat that my brother named "Melum" when he could not say "pussy," two kittens not named yet, a dog named "Smut," and lots of poultry. "Smut" is a very pretty, curly-haired black dog, and is devoted to my brother. He knows a few tricks. If you put a piece of cracker on his nose, and say, "Ready! Aim! Fire!" he will throw it up and catch it in his mouth. He is also a good hunting-dog.

I read in an 1887 number of your magazine a letter in which a Philadelphia girl described sugar-cane and Florida-moss as curiosities. It seemed so strange to us who have all our trees covered with moss, and who eat sugar-cane whenever we can get it in the fall. The cows are very fond of moss, and we delight in robbing ourselves in it when we play. I also wish to say that the girl made a mistake when she said that the moss looked dead. It is very much alive, and blossoms. After a rain it is bright green. Mattresses are often made of it when it is dead and dry. I remain, your constant reader,

ALICE C. P.—

A BOY'S BURGLAR ALARM.

My battery was mixed;
My wires were fixed;
And oh! just think how I feel!
My jewels were laid;
And there they stayed;
For there came no burglar to steal.

M. W. R.

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for pleasant letters received from them: M. M. I., V. V. W., Ernie I., Lily, Artie, Phil, Ellie, Pery and Winnie T., Nellie, Eva T. and Edna M. A., I. M. H., Vincent L. G., Carrie G. M., Edith S. I., Katharine McC., H. B. E.



LITTLE BILLY LOOKS AT THE OLD HEN.



THE OLD HEN LOOKS AT LITTLE BILLY.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE OCTOBER NUMBER.

DOUBLE DIAGONALS. Pulaski and Hogarth. Cross-words: 1. Peakish. 2. Gudgeon. 3. Allegro. 4. Decapod. 5. Parasol. 6. Attacks. 7. Hernic.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.

Macbeth, Act I, Sc. 7th.

ZIGZAG. Poll Sweedlepipe. Cross-words: 1. Ply. 2. Feb. 3. All. 4. Elk. 5. Sue. 6. Owl. 7. Age. 8. Ken. 9. Daw. 10. Ill. 11. Bee. 12. Ape. 13. Ire. 14. Apt. 15. Foe.

CUBE. From 1 to 2, Baltimore; 3 to 4, emoliate; 1 to 3, butlerage; 2 to 4, elucidate; 5 to 6, dangerous; 7 to 8, entertain; 5 to 7, duplicate; 6 to 8, seclusion; 1 to 5, ballad; 2 to 6, emboss; 4 to 8, enigm; 3 to 7, elapse.

ORIENTAL ACROSTIC. Initials, Mahomet. Cross-words: 1. Mecca. 2. Allah. 3. Hour. 4. Osman. 5. Mufti. 6. Emeer. 7. Tunis.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from "The McG's" — "Benedick and Beatrice" — Clara B. Orwig — "The Peterkins" — Paul Reese — Josephine Sherwood — A. H. R. and M. G. R. — "Infantry" — Aunt Kate, Mama, and Jamie — Chester B. S. — Blanche and Fred — E. M. G. — "Wareham" — Helen C. McCleary — Jessie Chapman — Ida C. Thallon — "May and '79" — "The Wise Five" — Nellie L. Howes — "Uncle Mung" — "Leather-stocking" — Ulmer and Marion — "King Anno, IV."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER were received, before August 15th, from Mama and Marion, 1 — Julia J., 1 — "Romeo and Juliet," 1 — "A Third," 2 — Grace and Maude, 1 — "Bubbles and Peggy," 4 — Jeannette D. Nightingale, 5 — Maude E. Palmer, 12 — A. J. and A., 1 — A. K. H., 1 — "Lady Maud," 1 — No name, Asbury Park, 1 — R. A. Stewart, 11 — Carrie Chester, 1 — Elsa Behr, Dictionary and Co., 12 — Hubert L. Bingay, 12 — R. W. R., L. A. K., and H. A. K., 8 — Me and Jack, 1 — Jeannette D. Nightingale, 3 — Aunt Martha, Aunt Julia, May Belle, and Willy, 12 — "Penrhyn," 4 — No name, Ellenville, 9 — Wilford W. Linsly, 1 — Effie K. Talboys, 9 — Emma R. W., 4 — Arthur C. and Edna Haas, 7 — "Charles Beaufort," 11 — J. A. R., A. P. C., S. W. and A. W. Ashhurst, 12 — "Nutshell," 11 — Grace Hazard, 1 — "Auntie and I," 1 — Nannie J. Borden, 3 — Clara Stewart, 10 — "The Hayseeds," 9 — "Wiontha," 12 — Madeline H., Jack, and A., 1 — Ida and Alice, 12 — Charles and Mary K., 4 — Elaine and Grace S., 1 — Estelle and Clarendon Ions and Mama, 2 — Carrie Thacher, 2 — Miss B. and H. S. R., 2 — Margaret Mary Otis, 1 — R. M. Huntington, 12 — No name, Tonawanda, 7 — "Guinevere," 11 — C. G. M., 1 — Puss, 1 — Sissie Hunter, 3 — "Chiddingston," 4 — Papa and Edith, 7 — Marguerite Speckel and Katie Mautner, 4.

THE RIDDLE BOX

DIAMOND.

1. A letter from November. 2. A chart. 3. To sing. 4. Warlike. 5. A name given to the 11th of November. 6. Sharp. 7. Crippled. 8. A small boy. 9. A letter from August.

F. S. F.

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. To encourage. 2. To disparage. 3. To fascinate. 4. Actors. 5. To exalt in station. 6. To provide. 7. A machine for lifting.

When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the diagonals (beginning at the upper left-hand corner) will spell a city named after a certain English duke, who afterwards became King James II.

LUCIE M.

WORD-SQUARES.

I. 1. A soft magnesian mineral. 2. The difference in value between metallic and paper money. 3. To draw. 4. The fruit of certain trees.

II. 1. Appeases. 2. Hot and fiery. 3. A musical term signifying that all the singers or players are to perform together. 4. To impede or bar. 5. The base of a fond.

"UNCLE MUNG" AND "CHARLES BEAUFORT."

ZIGZAGS.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another, the diagonals, beginning at the upper left-hand letter and ending at the lower right-hand letter, will spell a name given to Nicodemus Boffin.

1. A web-footed water-fowl. 2. A warehouse. 3. A vegetable. 4. A pert, conceited fellow. 5. The fruit of

ANAGRAM. Michael Angelo.

OCTAGON. 1. Let. 2. Fanes. 3. Lactate. 4. Enticer. 5. Teacher. 6. Steer. 7. Err.

RHYMED DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals and finals, Pallas, Athene. Cross-words: 1. Pandora. 2. Ararat. 3. Leith. 4. Lethe. 5. Amphion. 6. Selene.

ILLUSTRATED PUZZLE. Central letters, Holland; from 1 to 14, Timothy Titcomb. Cross-words: 1. Mithras. 2. Bayonet. 3. Scollop. 4. Mollusk. 5. Theater. 6. Chinese. 7. Shadows.

Pi. There comes a month in the weary year,
A month of leisure and healthful rest,
When the ripe leaves fall and the air is clear,—
October, the brown, the crisp, the blest.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Goose. 2. Ousel. 3. Oside. 4. Sedum. 5. Elemi. II. 1. Stoot. 2. Tapir. 3. Opera. 4. Aired. 5. Trade.

RHOMBOID. Across: 1. More. 2. None. 3. Eval. 4. Yule.

the blackthorn. 6. One related to another by any tie. 7. Part of a clock. 8. The harness of beasts of burden. 9. A torch. 10. A fish highly prized for food. 11. The cheven. 12. To look narrowly. 13. To throw with the hand. 14. To discharge. 15. A thin piece of marble having plane surfaces. 16. A large stove or oven.

C. L.

A TRIANGLE.

1	
2	19
3	18
4	17
5	16
6	15
7	14
8	13
9	12
10	11

ACROSS: 1, in health and happiness; 2, 19, a conjunction; 3 to 18, a wry face; 4 to 17, the osprey; 5 to 16, a tardigrade, edentate mammal; 6 to 15, a small quadruped found in Madagascar; 7 to 14, a precious stone; 8 to 13, the production of the tones of a chord in rapid succession, and not simultaneously; 9 to 12, a book in which a sheet is folded into twelve leaves; 10 to 11, supporting.

From 1 to 10, good places in which to pass Thanksgiving; from 11 to 19, what one is sure to find at these places.

FRANK SNELLING.



EACH of the twelve pictures in the above illustration may be described by a word of nine letters. When these are rightly guessed, and placed one below the other in the order given, the letters indicated by figures in the diagram from 1 to 10 spell the name of an illustrious American; from 11 to 18, another very famous American; from 19 to 25, an eminent English writer and the maker of a dictionary; from 26 to 34, an Irish writer of poems, stories, and essays; from 35 to 41, an English author; from 42 to 46, the author of "Tale of a Tub"; from 47 to 50, the author of the "Essay on Man"; from 51 to 54, an eminent English historian; from 55 to 60, another English historian; from 61 to 66, a celebrated French romancer and dramatist; from 67 to 77, the French author who wrote "The Spirit of Laws"; from 78 to 85, the famous Frenchman who wrote "Zaire."

C. M'C. R.

PL

NAGIA eht vasele moce tingtrufle wond,
Swolly, nileslyt, noe yb eno,
Claters dan onscrim, nad glod adn wrobn,
Wingill ot flal, rof trihe krow si node.
Dan cone ainga socem het merday heaz,
Dinprag eht shill wiht sit mylf bule,
Nad vingile eht nus, woshe dretne sary
Wiht delmowel glith moce grimimesh hugtroh.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My primals spell a royal personage, and my finals a poet.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Decision. 2. Worthless. 3. An inhabitant of any town. 4. The act of twisting. 5. Eloquence. 6. A name borne by certain kings of Egypt. 7. A character in the play of "Cymbeline." 8. To impeach.

H. L. E.

A LITERARY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of one hundred and fifteen letters, and form a 83-66-110-71-16-55 from a poem addressed to a 3-90-85-35-7-58-29-73-98. The author, Mr. 36-53-104-101-12-63, was born November 3, 1794, in 51-21-81-9-96-93-61-115-5-18, which is in the New England State whose name is abbreviated to 103-88-44-25. One of the earliest of this writer's poems made him famous. It was called 33-1-78-39-74-14-92-108-45-112-105,

and it is still held in very esteem. Another well-known poem of his is called 84-32-24 23-42-74-48-27 70-6 79-34-100 58-69-37-95-107-86-43.

He also translated the 64-99-22-101-40 and the 11-89-47-109-25-68-50. Almost contemporary with this writer were 6-60-106-10-20-28-94-52-65-2 77-55-91-97-19-51-46, who wrote "Marco Bozzaris"; 41-17-57-113-6-87-98-59-8-95, who wrote "Sandalphon"; and 73-62-80-26-76-80-13-111, who wrote "44-93-15-3-36-15-38-12-102." My 54-4-75-81-19 and 111-30-13 are two plants mentioned by Shakespeare. My 67-82-72-17 is a famous French writer, born in 1802.

W. E. WALKER.

WORD-BUILDING.

1. A VOWEL. 2. A tone of the diatonic scale. 3. Part of a skillet. 4. A lineage. 5. A small frame of wood on which a fisherman keeps his line. 6. A series of arches. 7. An enigma. 8. A chair. 9. The principal church in a diocese.

"XELIS."

RHYMED PRIMAL ACROSTIC.

1. A NOTED battle, England's boast;
2. An island on the English coast;
3. A Spartan general, brave and bold;
4. All victors wore in days of old;
5. A people, God's peculiar care;
6. A province lost to France, the fair;
7. A poet who can hours beguile;
8. The famous "serpent of the Nile;"
9. A western State we next must name;
10. A general of lasting fame;
11. One of seven hills of great renown;
12. A name beloved in Concord town;
13. A Flemish painter known to fame,—
You'll give, without delay, his name.
These initials place with care;
You'll see a poet's name is there.

M. E.



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MARGERY AND THE TWINS AT THE "CHRISTMAS INN."

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